McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVII | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910 | NO. 9.

CRIMINAL COURT IS IN SESSION.

Large Attendance and Many Cases Disposed Of.

THE DOWNING CASE CONTINUED.

The Shaffer Case Was Quashed on a Technical Point—Other Matters of More or Less Importance Before the Court.

The February term of criminal court convened at 2 o'clock on Monday, Judge Prather of Crawford county is presiding in the absence of Judge Bouton. The usual time in the afternoon was taken up in the hearing of motions, constables' returns, etc.

M. C. Crouse of Rixford was appointed foreman of the grand jury.

R. B. Stone, Esq., in well chosen terms, pnd tribute to the memory of George A. Sturgeon, deceased, a former member of the McKean county bar. In his honor the court adjourned until 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.

The case brought against Dr. Yerxa by a young Mt. Jewett girl, charging him with a serious crime on statutory grounds was continued, as was the embezzlement case against Earl Chase.

The Eldred bank case was continued. Council for the defendant was ill and President Dowling paid part of the indebtedness to the bank a few days ago.

George Crist, who nearly killed a fellow countryman at Crosby some time ago was tried and found guilty on the third count in the indictment which was assault and battery.

Lawyer H. E. Shaffer of Kane, charged with embezzlement and in-[illegible] court, was in luck to-day. The information against him, according to the opinion of the counsel, was technically defective, in that it contained too many counts. Judge Prather gave the matter his attention and directed that the prosecuting attorney designate which counts in particular he proposed to press in the trial of the case. The attorney declined to specify the charges and the judge, thereupon, quashed the indictment. An appeal will be taken.

In another case against Shaffer the grand jury brought in a true bill this, also, is an embezzlement case.

The case of Claud Pickard of Mt. Jewett, charged with having caused the death of his young wife by means of abortion, was considered by the grand jury and not a true bill was returned.

A true bill was rendered against Dr. Collins Yerxa, the Mt. Jewett dentist, charged by a young girl with having been guilty of a statutory offense.

William Griffith was indicted for malicious mischief, it being charged that he cut down certain trees in Keres township, which he should not have cut down.

The grand jury indicted Ab Wagner of Bradford on a charge of felonious assault. A true bill against Joe Lovitz on a larceny charge was also returned.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Lovitz, larceny of junk, guilty.

William Griffin, charged with malicious mischief was found guilty and the jury commended him to the mercy of the court.

Matthew Paul, charged with non-support was found not guilty, but he is to pay the costs.

The second indictment returned against Lawyer H. E. Shaffer of Kane was quashed yesterday. Another indictment was drawn and a true bill found. This case will be tried to-day. A true bill was found against Earl Chase.

Michael Dozzi, who shot another Italian near Mt. Jewett, drew a true bill on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

The faculty of the Lock Haven State Normal School is made up of graduates of the best Training Schools, Colleges and Universities. Its course of study is therefore thoroughly taught. Its students come from every section of Pennsylvania which in itself is an advantage to its patrons. It has the handsomest Normal School buildings in the state. Owing to its fine location and excellent sanitation, epidemics are unknown. The spring term beginning April 4th is an excellent time to enter. Write for its handsome catalog.

HOPPER-STEINHAUER.

Mr. Webb B. Hopper and Miss Frances Steinhauer Were Married Last Saturday.

At the home of the bride's parents in Farmers Valley on Saturday evening, February 26, 1910, Mr. Webb Boorn Hopper and Miss Frances Henrietta Steinhauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steinhauer, were united in marriage by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church of this borough, he using the beautiful ring service of his church.

The bride was attended by Miss Mattie Backus of this borough and Russell Lindsley of this place acted as best man. The ceremony was performed in the parlor in the presence of the immediate family of the bride and after the customary congratulations were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hopper all present sat down to an excellent repast. About nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hopper, Rev. Van Dyke, Miss Backus and Mr. Lindsley returned to Smethport and the happy young couple are now located in rooms over The Miner office where they are at home to their many friends.

The bride is a charming and popular young lady who has many friends in this vicinity and the groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper of Hornell, who has been a trusted and capable employee of this office for the past six years and who at present is operating our linotype.

This young couple have many friends who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

FATAL INJURIES.

Frank Miller Falls Under Wheels of Train.

Frank Miller of No. 17 North Centre street, was fatally injured early last evening when both of his legs were crushed under the wheels of a B., R. & P. freight train at Limestone.

A resident of Limestone, while walking along the railroad found Miller lying along the tracks. Sam Kirk, another Bradford man was with him, but Kirk is said to have been in such an intoxicated condition that he was not aware of his companion's injuries. Therefore he made no attempt to care for him.

As soon as the extent of Miller's injuries became known Miller was taken in charge by Good Samaritans. They flagged the B., R. & P. Buffalo local which is due in this city at 8:50 p. m. and the injured man was brought to Bradford.

Miller was conveyed from the depot to the Bradford Hospital in Still's ambulance and the company's surgeon was notified. The surgeon amputated both legs below the knees. The patient failed to rally from the shock but partially, and at midnight it was thought that he would not live until morning. He was conscious after reaching the hospital and stated that he had been riding on a B., R. & P. freight train between Salamanca and Limestone and had fallen under the wheels.

Later.—The injured man succumbed to his injuries this morning at 2:30 o'clock. The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Sloan.

Miller was about 38 years old and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Miller of No. 17 North Centre street. His parents were with him at the hospital last night. The deceased was a well known horseman.

Last evening about 5:30 o'clock, Miller called at the Bradford police station with an order from Alderman Munoland to have Kirk released, he (Miller) claiming that he had a job for Kirk at Limestone or Salamanca. Kirk was serving a brief term in the city lockup for intoxication. Miller told the police that he and Kirk were to leave on the next car from Salamanaca. It is evident that they took a freight on the B., R. & P. instead, with the result stated above.—Tuesday's Era.

For Sale.

The property of the late J. A. Hall, consisting of 5 room house and 2 acres of good land with fruit. Located on Hill street in this village. Will sell cheap for cash. Write for particulars to Clarence G. Hall, No. 771 Greenlawn Ave., Lima, Ohio.

OELHEIN-KEEFE.

Buffalo Young Man and Jamestown Young Woman United in Marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Keefe.

The Jamestown Journal contains the following marriage notice of a former Smethport young lady:

Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Keefe, 212 Broadhead avenue, their daughter, Miss Belle Middaugh Keefe, became the bride of August H. Oelhein Jr., of Buffalo, son of August H. Oelhein of that city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Horace G. Ogden, pastor of the First M. E. church, in the presence of about 50 guests. The full ring service of the Methodist Episcopal church was used.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Henry Hakenson of this city, as bridesmaid and another sister, Hazel Keefe, who carried the ring in a single rose. Alfred Wurtz of Buffalo was best man. Miss Leola M. Fairchild presided at the piano and the bridal party entered the parlor and took positions beneath a large white wedding bell, while the Bridal chorus from Lohengrin was being played. During the service the pianist played softly a beautiful selection from Strauss, arranged by Mrs. Bench.

The bride's gown was of white moire silk, fashioned princess, and she carried a bouquet of bride roses. The bridesmaid was attired in pink lawn and her bouquet was of pink roses. The ring bearer was dressed in white.

At the close of the wedding ceremony the company adjourned to the dining room where a three-course luncheon was served, Miss Falconer catering, and the guests being served by the Misses Helen and Olive Keefe, sisters of the bride, Miss Dedre Hibarer and Miss Mary Clark. The dining room was attractively decorated with white crepe paper and the bride's table, set in the center of the room, was daintily decorated with smilax and white crepe and adorned with candelabra. At the bride's table places were laid for 14 persons and among those were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Hunter, the oldest married couple in the city.

An unusually large and choice collection of gifts was received by the bride and bridegroom, among which were beautiful pieces of silverware, china, linen, cut glass and other things, but many of them were presented by relatives and friends at Buffalo and therefore could not be displayed here.

Mr. Oelhein is popular among his many friends and associates in Buffalo and made many friends while visiting in this city. He is employed as advertising manager by the A. H. Walker Shoe Company of Buffalo. His bride is a very popular and highly esteemed young lady and has a host of friends in this city. Sh is a member of the First M. E. church and is active in church and Sunday school work. She is also identified with other church organizations. They will reside at Buffalo.

Among the guests in attendance at the wedding were the following: August H. Oelhein, Sr., and Miss Lucy Oelhein, father and sister of the bridegroom, and Albert Wiegand, Miss Mamie Tiede, Miss Jennie Hanvey and Alfred Wurtz, all of Buffalo, and Miss Bertha Manning of Warren, Pa.

THE FLOOD.

Little Damage Done by High Water in this Vicinity.

The rain and warm weather which has prevailed since last Saturday evening have caused a great deal of snow to melt and since Monday we have been having quite a flood. However the water has not been nearly as high as most people feared it would be when the great amount of snow was considered, and the damage done by high water in this vicinity has been very slight.

The Berney-Bond Glass Bottle factory was shut down the forepart of the week, but there was no damage done aside from the loss of time.

The water forced the closing of the schools at Eldred this week and it is said to be at its highest point this year along the Allegheny below that town. Pittsburgh has not been unusually disturbed as yet.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

IN A CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

The Sermon Delivered at the Funeral of Nelson M. Day in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, by the Rev. W. Anable Harris.

Behold there is a place by me—I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by. Exodus 33:21-22.

It is a wonderful narrative that is given us of God's dealings with Moses. While out in the desert occupied and content with his task as shepherd God appeared in the midst of a flaming bush which though it burned was not consumed. The shepherd was startled at this sight but with a manly reverence he turned aside to learn what the meaning of this strange sight might be. Then there in the desert God spoke to him and commissioned him to the performance of a great task. Later on God caled him up into the summits of Mount Sinai where he again appeared to him and conversed with him. It was after this appearance to Moses in the Mount of Sinai that the incident related in the text took place.

When Moses came down from the Mount and from his conversation with God his first work was to rebuke the people of Israel for their sin of idol worship and added to this he was told that God would no longer accompany their sin. The withdrawal of the people their sin. The withdrawal of the people from God and the consequent withdrawal of God from their leadership presented to Moses a situation of great difficulty. What could he as the leader of Israel do with the people disobedient and with God refusing to longer recognize them? There was but one thing to do, even as there is but one thing for us to do when all human counsel and aid fail. He turned to God and pleaded with him that He had commissioned him and that He must aid him. It is always safe to believe that God will respond to the promises that he has made to us when we meet the conditions. If not for the sake of the disobedient people then for the sake of the prayer of his servant God promised it.

It is not strange that this experience with Israel made Moses feel that he wanted a closer friendship with God. He felt as we all do that God is the real leader in our task. There came upon him then that longing which is the deepest and most real of all human desires, the wish to lay hold upon God until in Him there is a sense of quiet assurance and leadership. Moses pleaded "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." His need was too real to admit of this being an idle or curious request. The glory which he desired to see was not the splendor of some outward manifestation but that still deeper fact which is expressed in the attributes of God. He wanted to touch with his character the character of God. Only in this way could he be assured of God's purposes toward himself.

But the character of God in all the vastness and splendor of its moral comprehensiveness and perfections is too great for us to know. We must look upon God both in the fulness of His being and of His moral nature as we look upon the sun, with veiled faces. He is a God who hideth Himself.

"O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?"

Then God undertook to veil His glory so that His servant might look upon it and yet live. God said: "Behold there is a place by me * * * I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand, while I pass by." And he thrust Moses into the cleft in the rock and Moses saw only the edge of the streaming radiance as God passed before him.

Pushing aside now all that is material here we have left the truth that Moses had a desire to know God. While this could be only within certain limitations yet God did so veil his glory that Moses received some intimation of what He was. It is something that God has a place by Him into which He thrusts us while He passes by. Now there is something like this in life when we are true to those intimations which are borne in upon us from the inner depths of being whose soundings always reveal God and the infinite. Whenever one feels the limitations of the human self and craves a something that lies beyond us in wisdom and truth and righteousness, then God makes our life appear as a cleft rock within which He thrusts us while the streaming radiance of His presence passes by. It is within this "place beside him" that life appears a thing of meaning and worth. It is when we abide in Him that life is measured against the purposes and the glory of God.

It was such a relation to life and to God that our brother sustained. His life was just a cleft rock within which God hid him while His veiled glory was passing by and until He snatched him away to be with Him within the deeper glory from which even the angles veil their faces. There are many things which my heart prompts me to say, for he was worthy that we should speak of him, but I feel that your hearts prompt to the same utterance and we shall perhaps be truer to his modest life and character if we hold him in our love rather than in our words. There are however two things which I desire to mention and in doing so I believe that I am giving to our brother as high a tribute as any man can have from another.

First of all Mr. Day was a man. A manly man. It is rare that we meet one whose life is more deservedly summed up within the best meaning of this word than was his. You who knew him as the rest, could not know this to have been true. You men who worked with him and saw him, where the strain of life becomes the most trying know and feel that he was always a man and a brother. The number of men here is exceptional, it is a fine tribute to his manliness and an honor to you.

But there was something about him that is not included in saying that he was a man. There was an added something here. He was a Christain man. Always gracious and kindly there was an unflinching loyalty to truth and duty. He measured all things by the glory of God. He had the unusual power of suggesting the good and the helpful without appearing obtrusive. The interpretation which he gave to life made us feel that with him God was always passing by. While we cherish his memory we shall find ourselves doing so because he expressed these two things which I have said of him, because he was a manly man and because he had that higher manliness which no man has except as God gives it to him. To you to whom his life will ever be a rich memory and heritage I commend the comforting Christ whom he served and before whose presence he now stands. May the Holy Spirit bring you comfort and keep you until you shall come to be with those

Whose fragile bark of life has touched the shore
That sweeps beyond the view of man afar.
Whose love you hold as evening holds her star,
A shining thing that glistens through the dark;
The point of light that throws a living spark
To meet the faith that leaps all bounds and bar.

"DAVID GARRICK"

"David Garrick" played by the famous Romantic Actor Clifton Mallory has become a classic for the refined audience of all countries. In fact Leland T. Powers, the recognized peer in monologue, has read the play to the best audience in all parts of the country during the past fifteen years. Last August at the Mothers Chautauqua Mr. Powers gave the play at the popular request. This places "Garrick" at the head of all the modern love plays.

Mr. Mallory has lived the "Garrick" character during the past ten years, having appeared almost constantly in this charming part. During this period he has clustered about him the best, the sweetest and the ripest support to be picked from the entire country.

Don't miss seeing the charming elaborate society play at the Smethport Lyceum, Monday and Tuesday, March 7 and 8 Such standard comedies seldom come to Smethport.

Come to see "Ada" loved and won.

ANY BOY anxious to earn money outside of school hours can secure a position with me. To my best boys I am going to give SAVINGS BANKS and cash prizes. The work is easy and does not interfere with school duties. A. B. Armstrong.

Thorough preparation for teaching is made at Edinboro Normal. Send for catalog. Spring session begins March 22, 1910.

JOHN F. BIGLER.

The Bell Telephone Company will issue a new directory during the month of March. Kindly notify the chief operator of any errors or changes that may wish to be made.

WRONG VIEWS OF THE CENSUS.

No Harm Can Come to any Person Who Answers the Questons.

Washington, D. C.,
March 2, 1910.

Letters from the census supervisors to the United States Census Bureau show the erroneous apprehension of a considerable element of the population that their answers to the enumerators' questions in the next census, beginning April 15, this year, will cause increased taxation, legal entanglements, or injurious consequences to their persons and property.

In order to quiet such unfounded fears, which would, unless removed, materially affect the accuracy of the census, the bureau has prepared an official statement relative to the decennial census, its origin, purpose, and uses.

This statement should furnish complete assurance to those concerned that information given the enumerators is held by the Census Bureau in the strictest confidence with reference to the identity of the informants, as required by the policy of the bureau and commanded by the law of the United States.

The bureau earnestly hopes that clergymen, priests, physicians, schoolteachers, employers, and other public-spirited citizens who come in contact with large numbers of people, will co-operate with the bureau by telling persons who are believed to entertain erroneous opinions of the census the real facts and urging them to give full replies to the enumerators. Teachers are particularly requested to speak of the census to the school children and ask them to tell their parents about it.

The statement issued by the bureau explains that the Constitution requires a census of the population to be taken every ten years in order to reapportion state representation in the National House of Representatives. It is the means also to ascertain the increase in the population, agriculture, industries, and resources of the nation since the last census.

It is emphatically declared by the statement, that the information sought from the people of the United States is used solely for general statistical purposes. It will neither be published nor used in any other way to disclose facts regarding any individual or enterprise. The census, it goes on to say, is not, never has been, and cannot be employed to obtain information that can be used in any way in the assessment of property for purposes of taxation or the collection of taxes, either national, state or local; or for deportation proceedings, extradition measures, army or navy conscription, internal-revenue investigations, child-labor law prosecutions, quarantine regulations, or in any way to affect the life, liberty, or property of any person.

It points out that replies to the enumerators are and must be held by the Census Bureau in strict and absolute confidence. All the bureau officials, supervisors, supervisors' clerks, enumerators, and interpreters, before entering upon their duties, are obliged to take a solemn oath not to disclose any information they may obtain except to the Census Bureau and a violation of the United States law in regard to this oath means a $1,000 fine or imprisonment for two years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 8 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11 point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

THE MINER,
Smethport, Pa.

The special course in professional work offered at the Clarion State Normal School has the endorsement of the County Superintendents and those who are in position to test the efficiency of teachers' work. Spring term opens March 29th.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf MRS CARRIE CLARK.

The Delegates

A Jolly House Party and a Disappointed Storekeeper

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

The one daily train between Pinery and Sexton was snowbound at Chestnut Gap, with snow still falling. It might get through in twenty-four hours, and it might not in a week. All depended on the length of the storm and the energy of the four or five men who constituted the repair and emergency force of the short narrow gauge road.

Ordinarily it would have made little difference, for passengers were rare and speed unimportant, but on this day it happened there were seventeen delegates converging from various parts of the state to a church convention appointed at Pinery because the small church there was the oldest in the state and this day the anniversary of its building. Moreover, there were the proprietor of the one little grocery store and the energetic wife of the aged pastor, both returning from Sexton with various supplies for the sustenance and entertaining of these same delegates during the three or four days of their proposed stay. So it was a matter of perplexity and consternation to the engineer and conductor when the wheezing train ran its head into a snow bank at the gap and came to a standstill.

The country along the railroad was wild and sparsely settled, with Chestnut Gap at its most desolate point. Twenty or more rods back from the road, with only a winding path leading to it, was the only house in ten miles, a one room cabin and loft, with wooden shutters for windows and a mud and stick chimney built at one end. To this the delegates plowed their way through the snow, the men kicking out a path as well as they could for the women, who straggled in Indian file behind.

A girl of fourteen or fifteen opened the door, eager-eyed and excited at more visitors than she had seen in her life. An old man was bending over the fireplace, but rose and hobbled forward at their entrance.

"Come in, come right in," he cried hospitably. "Just make yourselves to home. Kinder wintry out, ain't it? Whit! Wimmen folk! Here, crowd close to the fire an' warm up an' dry up. Wimmen first."

They did so hurriedly, though most of them were shivering. A young man quickly gathered up all the wood the cabin seemed to contain and threw it upon the fire, turning modestly to the host after he had done so.

"We need thawing out first," he explained, "and you invited us to make ourselves at home. But never mind the fuel. There are eight men in our party, and we will soon have more. The conductor tells us we cannot get away under two days, and perhaps not under a week. Now, what can you do for us? A job quick and rather quizzical look about the cabin. "What sort of accommodations and provisions can you furnish?"

"Plenty of both," heartily. "They's a loft overhead jest the size of this room, cept for the roof bein' slantin'. Wimmen can have one an' meh Pother, an' I raised a heap o' turnips last fall—more'n four acres. I did figger to sell 'em, but price was so scan'alous low that Bet Ann an' me horried 'em in a hole under the floor. Lucky, too, how, ain't it? But say! What might your name be? I'm Lem Tucker."

"Thank you. My name is Tom Ashley. I am glad you have so many turnips. Now, what sort of other provisions have you to go with them?"

"Why, nothin'," genially. "Ye see, my land's too poor to raise other stuff. But turnips is mighty good an' healthy an' digestive, an' Bet Ann an' me eats 'em right along. We like 'em. Bet Ann has some snares out back o' the house an' now an' ag'in catches a rabbit for relish. Ye see, I'm too roomatiky for goin' out in weather. But of course one rabbit wouldn't be much relish for all your folks."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Ashley. He turned to his companions. "You hear what our host says. I am glad you all love turnips."

There was a slight shiver through the group. Then one of the women rose bravely to the occasion.

"We always have turnips with our Christmas dinner at home," she said cordially, "and occasionally at other times, I believe. This will be such a nice chance for us to familiarize ourselves with its possibilities. Of course they can be cooked in different ways. Now, Mr. Tucker, are we to have the upstairs room or this? I think many of the ladies have wet feet and might like to change. We brought our bags from the train."

"Why, jest take your ch'ice," benignly. "It's all yourn. Make yourselves to home. But folks 'll have to be goin' in an' out this room, fixin' the fire an' doin' things, so mebbe the loft 'll be best for the wimmen. Bet Ann 'll show ye. Go right up through that hole in the corner, an' don't be skeered o' the ladder. I made it myself, an' it's strong an' stiddy."

When they came down, one by one, they found a great pile of firewood beside the hearth, which the men had gathered, and Mr. Ashley was out behind the cabin examining Bet Ann's snares and preparing more. There was no gun in the cabin, and naturally none of the party had one.

The woman who had spoken of familiarizing themselves with the possibilities of turnips soon possessed herself of all the information her companions had on the subject and then with Bet Ann as grinning and delighted chief helper, set about preparing two bushels or more of them into as appetizing dishes as the scant accessories of salt, pepper, hot water and fireplace would allow. But, though they were all hungry, the first meal was not a very hearty one.

Among the delegates was amateur talent of various kinds, and the long evening was devoted to singing, to impromptu lectures and informal talks, to charades and tableaux and games and sleight of hand performances, the latter given by some of the more versatile young men.

The next day it was still snowing, with the depth and drifts too formidable to attempt to escape from the gap, and the evening's diversion was continued, with only such breaks as turnip cooking and mining through the snow to Bet Ann's snares and animated but desultory conversation.

On the fourth day a rabbit was caught and went into the making of a memorable broth that was to soothe twenty-six ravenous appetites. After that the rabbits seemed to have an inkling of the abnormal cabin appetite, for no more ventured to even approach the bait that Bet Ann and Mr. Ashley strewed about the snares.

These days had been a season of continuous and bewildering delight to Bet Ann, and even her father's face had beamed as it had never beamed before. Lem Tucker was a recluse who did not believe in people because he had never known much about them and who condemned education because he had none of it himself. People were wicked, and to be able to read was to find things in newspapers that were lies. So Bet Ann had never learned her letters.

But a week with the gamest, jolly, delightful party of delegates had given a new expression to Tucker's eyes. When the sixth day brought a snowplow puffing through the drifts and the party began to make preparations for departure his face showed real regret. Bet Ann was voicing her grief noisily.

"We've had the best time of our lives," Tucker said as he hobbled to the door to say goodby. "Mebby I've been mistook 'bout folks. There ain't nobody you wimmen, nor all them things you read was real grand. I've been thinkin' if ever an' I guess I'll move down to the village an' give Bet Ann a chance for 'ducation."

"That will be nice for both of you," commented one of the women heartily. "And be sure you let me know at the address I gave you. We will send some books and other things to Bet Ann and you. Now, goodby."

When they reached the train the only discontented one seemed to be the storekeeper. He muttered to himself for awhile, then blurted out:

"Ye paid an outlandish price for them turnips."

"Oh, I don't know!" laughed Mr. Ashley. "We are perfectly satisfied. We were glad to pay well for them and for the accommodation. And you should remember Mr. Tucker did not really charge anything. It has been a jolly week. The only drawback I can think of is that we could not get to your store to buy some more provisions."

"If I'd known things was to be paid for I could 'a' let ye have plenty," the storekeeper grumbled.

"But your store is too far away."

"Oh, I've got plenty right here on the train," discontentedly. "Only folks' delegates I thought mebbe you'd have to be took care of free. I wisht I'd—"

But the look on Mr. Ashley's face suddenly silenced him, and he slunk away to a seat by himself. And at that moment came a series of jerks and bumps which were preliminary to getting the cars in motion; then the train started.

Peary as a Student.

When Robert Edwin Peary was a student at Bowdoin college, as a member of the class of 1877, the professor of civil engineering, George L. Vose, directed him to a difficult problem. A large, complicated covered wooden bridge had been constructed across the Saco river without due respect for scientific principles. When the bridge threatened to fall, the designer telescoped another bridge into it in such a curious way that the fall of the whole structure was even more imminent. Peary was sent to make a drawing showing just what beams and pins would give way first and just how the strain would feel its course from weakness to weakness. It was an extremely complicated problem, involving test after test and persistent calculations. Yet shortly after Peary made his full report, the bridge collapsed precisely as he had predicted.—Professor W. T. Foster in New York Post.

Limited Responsibility.

Little Septimus had been very good and had recited "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" with admirable feeling for the benefit of his Uncle Robert.

"He's a wonderful boy!" exclaimed that gentleman enthusiastically. "And he deserves to be rewarded."

So saying, he plunged his hand into his bulging pocket and with much difficulty—for he was rather portly—extracted a penny, which he offered with great importance to his good little nephew. "Remember, my boy," he said, "that if you take care of the pennies the shillings will take care of themselves."

Poor little Septimus looked rather dubious. "I do take care of the pennies, Uncle Robert," he answered sadly, "but as soon as they get to be shillings my papa takes care of them for me."—Washington Herald.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Dialogue That Took Place After the Dance Ended.

A well known and popular Los Angeles physician upon the occasion of a recent visit to a professional friend at Fresno (the physician in charge of the state institution for the deaf and dumb) was invited to attend one of the periodical "hops" given the inmates. All the unfortunates and a goodly sprinkling of guests were present.

Before the function had progressed very far the Fresno physician approached his Los Angeles medical friend with, "Get busy, doctor!" The doctor got busy. Although tipping the scales at 210, he is an easy and graceful dancer and much enjoys the exercise. Approaching a young lady of singular sweetness and beauty, he indicated his desire to dance with her. She proved to be as witching with her feet as with her eyes, and our Los Angeles friend, in contempt of all convention, danced two or three numbers with her.

At the close of the last one a gentleman approached his charming partner and asked for the next dance. "I should be delighted to favor you, my friend," said she in a voice no less sweet than her face, "but I've promised to dance the next number with this dummy here!"

Each had taken the other for an inmate!—Los Angeles Times.

ANCIENT LONDON.

When Danger and Lanthorns Were Abroad After Dark.

Less than 200 years ago the watchmen of London town, carrying horn lanthorns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked up and down the cobbled streets of the world's largest city chanting the following verse:

A light there, maids! Hang out your light
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six to nine.
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong.

It is beyond our comprehension and imagination in these days of flaming arc lamps and brilliantly lighted streets to picture the streets of London in the lawless age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It was an age of lanthorns, of flambeaux and linkboys, when every one made his will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night.

It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob, and it is recorded that when night was come a man durst venture to walk in the streets."—Springfield Union.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast" Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. Coming during a long ride on horseback we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw by the light of the fire a big rather crawling across the floor. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror stricken, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile. Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

And They Didn't Exercise.

William M. Evarts, who lived until he was nearly ninety, said he kept his health by never taking exercise. The celebrated Dr. William George Mead, who lived to the surprising age of 148 years, spent nearly all of his time in the open air and played a little golf. Dr. Mead used to drink two or three quarts of water every day, and perhaps there is a suggestion in that. Old Dubois, who lived in Canada for the better part of 110 years on the north shore of Lake Erie, never worked and never took exercise. He spent seventy-five years of his life fishing with hook and line and ate nothing but baked apples and milk and brown bread and unsalted butter. Perhaps you can live that long if you do nothing but fish and eat what old Dubois did. But take notice that these long livers never exercised.—New York Telegraph.

He Didn't Know It.

"What are you doing here?"

"Waitin' on prosperity."

"Why, prosperity passed this way two months ago!"

"You don't say! That accounts for the twitchin' in my j'ints. I had a idee that somethin' or other had run over me."—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Enterprising.

Salesman (lately promoted to curio department)—This necklace, madam, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them—London Punch.

Painfully Particular.

"She's a delicate eater, isn't she?"

"Very. She even insists upon having the eggs from one hen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Troubles must come to all men, but those who are always looking for them will have the largest share.

A Personally Conducted Case

Mollie's Advent in Court and Her Efficient Ally.

By WAYNE S. BORROW

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Oh, if only I were a man," cried the girl as she threw out her arms passionately. "I'd show them! I'd— But I'm not, only just a girl." Her arms dropped listlessly to her side; then suddenly her slight form stiffened. "I'll do it anyhow," she added briefly—"anyhow. It's all right, and that is enough."

But she shrank from telling her purpose to the family. Girls were cared for in the aristocratic, conservative little town. Chaperons were popular, late hours discountenanced, strangers were quarantined for rigid introduction and scrutiny, girls did little work and only of the domestic kinds in their own homes, and the few who aspired at some period of their lives for higher education or careers or independent ways were speedily reduced to ladylike deportment by the general disapproval.

On the eventful morning, however, mindful of this observation and the possible consequences, she announced bluntly: "I'm going over to the courthouse this morning, mother. Our case comes up today, you know."

Her mother stared, but the girl's face was pale, her lips firm, and they all knew what that meant. Mollie would have her way now if she had to break through a stone wall to get it.

"To the courthouse? Oh, Mollie! Ladies never go there, and you are only a young girl."

"I'm the one who must look out for the family now, mother," deliberately. "You know that. You're not strong enough, and Elsie and Tom and Hess are too young. If father were here he would do it. Now I must take his place. And you know this gives me, solves even, the possession of our home."

"But into the courthouse!" faintly.

"And it couldn't do the least bit of good. Judge Garner will have regard for our interests. He was your father's friend."

"But he's second cousin or something to the other side, and you know what partisans the people are here. And all the lawyers have business or blood connection of some sort with the Thompsons. That's why I advised you and to engage any of them to prosecute our case. They couldn't be disinterested if they tried and would want a big fee and then do no more harm than good."

"Judge Garner will have regard for our interests," her mother repeated doubtfully. "He wouldn't dare to do give an unjust decision. And your presence—"

"Would help the case, any, you think," interrupted Mollie curtly. "Well, perhaps not to the prejudiced, but I shall make the experiment, and some of those who don't believe in a woman's having an opinion shall be forced to hear mine."

"Not speak—you—in the courthouse! Oh, Mollie Fraser! You'll be disgraced forever!"

"You can't tell Mollie anything," said seventeen-year-old Ben sourly. "She's making herself the talk of the town already with her tomboy business. But she can't boss me."

"Better for you if she could!" cried Elsie, who was two years younger. "Mollie's the finest girl in this town, and her tomboy business is saving this family, and that's straight. If you had a little more tomboy and a little less cigarette in your makeup, Ben, you might be willing to do some of your own natural duties that you are now shifting to Mollie's shoulders. I say she's a brick, and I'm going to the courthouse with her, and if anybody looks a sneer at her I'll punch his head. And I'd do all the speaking if I could, only I don't know enough. I'm not afraid. Can't I go, Moll?" anxiously.

"Of course you can, dear," with pleased relief in her voice. "I shall be glad to have company, for I've never been inside the courthouse. And it's time now for us to start, I think."

Thompson versus Fraser was the first case on the docket that morning, and before Mollie had time to get frightened at the curious faces turned toward her the case was called and Judge Garner was inquiring for counsel for the defense. Mollie rose quickly.

"I will conduct the case myself," she announced clearly. "I am entitled to the privilege, I believe."

"You are entitled to counsel, of course," irritably. "There are several disengaged lawyers here either of whom I think will undertake your case."

"I will conduct it myself," Mollie repeated. "All the lawyers here are friendly toward Mr. Thompson. I understand they have said as much outside. That disqualifies them for me."

There was a perceptible stir through the room. Several spectators who were not of the Thompson faction tittered. Before the stir subsided the plaintiff's lawyer was on his feet commencing his argument.

Mollie listened attentively, her increasing indignation keeping her from realizing her position and making her forget the judge had not given any formal permission for her to conduct the case. As the lawyer finished and sat down she was on her own feet, her face flushed, her eyes scornful.

"I wonder if there is one person in this room who really believes that, even the lawyer who declared it," she said slowly. "Most of you knew my father and how punctilious he was about meeting his obligations. He abhorred debts of any kinds. Is it likely that he would sign a note for $10,000, just about enough to cover his property, and not give a hint of it to us? And almost his last words were of satisfaction that he had left us provided for, even though modestly. Is it reasonable that my father gave Mr. Thompson's hired man a note for such an amount and, if so, that the man would keep on working instead of trying to realize from it? Isn't it odd the hired man should owe his employer just this amount and that he should give the note up so willingly? I demand that the man particularize and prove the indebtedness for which he alleges my father gave him the note and that his employer prove his right to the ownership. They can't do it. Fitch Thompson is a"—

"I protest!" cried the opposing lawyer.

"Miss Fraser must be more circumspect in her speech," admonished Judge Garner. "We are all very sorry for her, but the law knows no sentiment, and the note is declared genuine."

Mollie swept her eyes over the room. "Is there any one here," she called, "who is a good judge of handwriting, one whose name is not Thompson, I mean, and who has not married into the Thompson family and has no business relations with them? Is there such a person in the room?"

Again there was a wave of indignation through the room, in the midst of which a young man rose and came forward quickly.

"I have done a little expert work in that line," he said frankly, "and shall be glad to render what assistance I can. And I may add that I am becoming interested in the case. You wish me to examine the signature?"

"Yes," Mollie answered. "Here are some of my father's letters. I want you to compare them carefully with the signature on the note."

The young man bent over the papers for some minutes. When he looked up his face was scornful.

"The note is a forgery, as even a cub might see," he declared. "It was meant to be a clever imitation, but the little eccentricities of style were overlooked."

Garner, when the young man threw back his head.

"Careful," he warned. "I am a lawyer myself and of some little reputation, I think. I know of what I speak. I happened to be traveling in this vicinity and—come in here today through curiosity. If you decide this case against me I shall advise Miss Fraser to carry it to some other court where there will be no prejudice. She has that right. And I will add," sternly, "what I shall be glad to report, send her if she desires. But I warn you, Judge Garner," his voice low to only not to go against your conscience here. It might have most serious consequences to you and a few others in the room than mere legal reputation."

That evening the young lawyer sat at the dinner table in Mrs. Fraser's pleasant home. He was looking across at Mollie.

"I shall be in the neighborhood several days," he said, looking up some old records. I hope I may be permitted to see more of you."

"Of course," Mollie answered quickly. "You must come just as often as you can. I shall be so glad to see you—we will all be so glad, I mean."

And then for the first time that day perhaps she was self conscious, for she flushed suddenly, and the lawyer, across the table, saw and colored a little too. But her flush and the crossed glances changed his plans entirely.

His stay should not be counted by days.

A Lake of Ink.

In Mexico there exists a most remarkable natural phenomenon.

Amid a volcano studded district lies the "lake of ink," covering about an acre of ground.

The body of water or ink, or whatever it is, is so covered with the ashes from the adjacent volcanoes as to appear a part of the surrounding ground, which is all of the same dull gray tint. The ashes are only a thin veil for a thick, liquorice-like fluid of the consistency of thin molasses, only black as shoeblacking.

At first the party of pioneers who discovered the lake inclined to the theory that it was but a mire hole, but the condition of the clothes of one of their party who fell into it quickly disproved this, for the dirt left an indelible stain. It was called ink forthwith, and as it blended readily with alcohol one of the draughtsmen of the party took the occasion of supplying himself with a good, cheap quality of drawing ink.

Where this liquid comes from, what its chemical properties may be and how extensive the supply is are matters of conjecture.

Attempting a Diagnosis.

Mrs. C. was overhauling a lot of old clothes, and her little daughter Rebecca, aged four, was an interested spectator. When one garment was brought to light the little girl asked what were the "green speckles" on it. Her mother explained. Some days later a friend called whose little girl was somewhat freckled. After their departure Rebecca was thoughtful for some time and then inquired, "Mamma, was that little girl's face mildewed?"—Woman's Home Companion.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK,
General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 16-B Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Porrfait, Enlarging, Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Your Stock Will Serve You

best when we serve them with what they want and should have in the eat ing line. The proper care of live stock as regards what sustains them, is our principal business. The appearance o horses and cattle given grain and fee supplied by us tell the whole story i a nutshell.

F. A. GREEN

SUBSCRIBE FOI

THE "MINER."

Brasted's Fine TOBACC FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything to be found in

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

When Carpenters

or cabinet-makers want to replenish their tool-chest at a very nominal cost, they come to us because they know that we carry complete stocks of all these goods and are way ahead of other stores in this line. Nothing missing—everything in the way of carpenters' tools and appliances is here, at reasonable prices. Patronize us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 3, 1910.

Local and General.

—Don't forget "Daniel Boone on the Trail" at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Frontier life is thrillingly depicted in "Daniel Boone on the Trail" which will be the attraction at the Lyceum on Saturday evening.

—James Finnessey of Olean, N. Y., has been elected captain of the Yale basketball team for the next season. He played center rush this winter.

—Walter Calderwood, the boy who was so seriously injured at Kane last week by falling under a train, is rapidly improving and hopes are entertained that his life will be spared.

—The Monzo Lanphere house and 1 1-4 acres of land in Little Genesee, N. Y., was sold on Wednesday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Byron Slade of Little Genesee, who will take possession at once.

—Venango and Forest counties are believed to hold the record for goodness. The former, with a population of nearly 60,000, has only one prisoner in its county jail, and he is a non-resident. Forest county, with nearly 10,000 residents, has no prisoners at all. This is the first time in 20 years that Venango jail has thus been all but untenanted.

—A clever woman correspondent of the Hartford Courant says the epidemic of commissions appointed by federal and state authorities for investigating this, that, and the other recalls the story of the woman who awoke one stormy night and said, "Josiah, I do believe that roof's leakin'." to which he responded, "Wait, Maria, you jest go to sleep, and tomorrow morning I'll investigate it." "Josiah, what that roof wants ain't investigatin,; it wants mendin'."

—Farmers' week at Greenville will afford a great opportunity to orchardists and truck farmers. Professors R. L. Watts and J. P. Steward of State College will bring to their audiences the results of many years experiment at and field work. The fertilization of orchards, spraying and the growing of garden and trucking crops, will be given a number of periods during the week.

—The lowering of valuation of real estate in Eldred has been allowed by the commissioners, the cut being about 50 per cent. This will necessitate a higher rate but will shift several hundred dollars from the real estate to occupation tax, not much to anyone, but bringing it to about where it was before the commissioners doubled the real estate valuation three years ago.—Eldred Eagle.

—The deep snow is killing off rabbits and game birds in all sections of the state. In this neighborhood both ruffed grouse and rabbits have left the woods and taken up winter quarters near farm house and barns. A quail that had lost its fear of mankind through hunger flew into this borough and was found roosting on a street lamp in the business section of the place. Also a pair of wild rabbits have taken up their residence close to a house in a thickly settled residence portion.—Emelenton Herald.

—The government will probably discontinue the practice of printing stamped envelopes with the cards of business firms in the corner. For several years past the printers' union throughout the country have been laboring to that end, claiming that it was an invasion of their field, and forced private firms to enter into competition with the Federal Government. It is stated that the House Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads will include in its regular appropriation bill a provision declaring that the practice shall cease.

—Five deaths occurred last week in one family at Randolph, near Jamestown. On Monday the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drew died. The mother was taken with pneumonia during the child's illness and died on Wednesday. On Friday Mr. Drew's father, Prince Drew, suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died the next morning. His wife, the mother of William Drew, died on Sunday morning from pneumonia, and her sister, Miss Mary Chandler, died that evening from the same disease.

—At the hearing of the appeals from Wetmore township by the County Commissioners this morning some very interesting facts were aduced, showing that the residents of the township were being assessed at less than one-fifth the valuation. This fact was brought out by the sworn statement of Chas. Osterman, who deserves credit for his fairness in this matter. As a result the entire seated assessment has been thrown out. It is no wonder that the taxpayers of this borough who are assessed 90 per cent. of their valuation have a kick coming. —Kane Republican.

—Miss Mary Crawford was fatally injured in Franklin Sunday in the Sunday school rooms of the First Baptist church, while attending a bible class led by General Charles Miller. Her head was crushed by a large drop door, weighing more than a ton which divides the adult class room and the children's quarters. Missing line when the heavy door dropped, ing line when the heavy doo rdropped, and being slightly deaf she heard neither the door nor the warnings of others. The accident caused a panic in which three women fainted, but General Miller's commanding manner finally restored order. Miss Crawford is 45 years old, and cannot recover.

—Not all of the flowers should be left for the funeral. If a man deserves well from his friends after death, he deserves equally well when with them. One little flower pinned upon a coat that holds a living man, is worth more than all the banks of roses that ever shed their fragrance over a cold and lifeless form. Likewise it may be said that the kind word, the hearty hand clasp, the assurances of friendship, and assistance are of no value when your friend has passed over the divide and down into the valley beyond your sight. They are things here worth while only when he knows and feels and appreciates. Thanks Herald.

—Monday evening as the little daughter of Oscar Fogel who lives on Clinton street in Galeton was playing near the creek that runs just outside their back yard, she discovered what she thought to be a doll. She called to an older child who was near and who at once made the discovery that it was not a doll but the dead body of a baby. The little girls at once hastened to the house and told Mrs. Fogel of the discovery. As soon as possible she notified the proper authorities and the little form was taken to the undertaking rooms of Earl White and arrangements made for an autopsy. The body is that of a fully developed baby girl. It was wrapped in a corset cover that had been fastened with a belt. The body had evidently been thrown out on the bank of the creek where it had been concealed by the lately fallen snow and exposed during the warm days that so recently melted away the covering. Thus far the whole affair is wrapped in mystery.—Enterprise.

"Daniel Boone on the Trail."

One of the most interesting American plays before the public to-day is "Daniel Boone on the Trail." It is complete in all its scenic splendor, enchanting music and pathos. The Daniel Boone Amusement Co. has spared neither time nor expense to make this the most realistic drama of modern times. Col. Chas. A. Taff has been engaged to play the role of "Daniel Boone" because of his striking figure and appearance of the famous hunter. They have surrounded him with a company of actors second to none. Another engagement worthy of note is "Bounding Elk," the only clever Indian actor on the stage today. One of the most exciting scenes of the play is the Snow Storm in the Mountains, the Coming of the Indians and the Hungry Wolves, Boone's Fight for Life and the Burning of the last Stick of Wood. Each act and scene follows another showing the beautiful stage settings of the Rocky Mountains, Boone's Home, etc. Never has an audience been worked up to such grandeur and excitement. It is no false note to say that "Daniel Boone on the Trail" once seen would not be regretted.

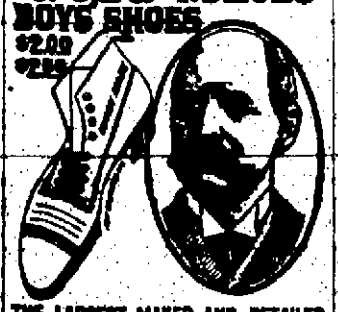
At the Smethport Lyceum Saturday evening.

The Lock Haven State Normal School continues to offer the best educational advantages for the training of teachers. The opening of the spring term, April 4th, is a good time to enter. The teachers of this important Normal School have no difficulty in securing schools because of their admirable professional training.

Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

Advertise in The Miner.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $4. SHOES BOYS' SHOES $2.00 $2.50



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. A. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

— FOR SALE BY —

ANDERSON & CARLSON

Smethport, Pa.

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fit it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER

AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE [illegible] MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS

36 large pages (11x15 inches)
Two fine serials
From six to eight clever short stories
Numerous special articles
Beautiful illustrations throughout
Handsome cover in colors (cover changed each month)
A Big Athletic Department, edited by WALTER CAMP
Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins and Curios that are interesting and instructive.
Each department is attractively illustrated

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION *From* THE BOYS MAGAZINE.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,

BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW

ADDRESS

The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 3, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Binnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert P. Habgood.

Bradford, Pa., March 1, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June.

L. J. Reznor.

Port Allegany, March 1, 1910.

It is reported that over 80 are dead in trains which were buried in avalanches at Wellington, Washington.

The Philadelphia street car strike threatens to assume much larger proportions on Saturday. Hostilities have practically ceased for the present at least.

Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, wife of the president of the Curtis Publishing Company, and the first editor of the Ladies Home Journal, died at her home in Wyncote, a suburb of Philadelphia, last Friday.

Hon. Robert P. Habgood of Bradford announces in this issue of The Miner that he is a candidate for Member of Assembly subject to the decision of the Republicans at their primaries to be held next June. During the session of 1909 Mr. Habgood was a member of the House of Representatives and it can truthfully be said that he was one of the most active and energetic members of that body. He was constantly at work in furthering the best interests of his constituents and he and his worthy colleague were successful in getting many valuable measures passed by the House and Senate. Two years ago he was defeated for reelection by a combination of circumstances which nearly every reader of this paper fully knows. Now his many friends have urged him to run again feeling confident that the voters will more fully appreciate his true worth in that body and elect him by an overwhelming majority.

How long are the people going to stand for the high handed manner in which the beef trust is treating the public. Their threats to the retail butchers, that unless they buy meat at the present exhorbitant prices and cease protesting the product will be thrown into cold storage and kept there until the demand is so great that the people will have to buy. The arrogance of the trust is enough to arouse the people to action. There is a remedy for the evil and its a simple one. Give Congress to understand that an export duty so high as to be prohibitive is needed, and that all the duty on meats from other countries be removed. This can be done at this session, providing the people take a united stand. Public sentiment is a formidable weapon and one that the citizens of this great country can wield with startling results, when once the sentiment is aroused. The tyranny of its meat barons has about reached its limit, and woe be unto them when a united people rise up in wrath; there will be wailing among those high up in the councils of the great food monopolies. Get together and demand of Congress something more substantial than a mere farce in an investigation of the high cost of living, such as is now under way.—Kane Republican.

The announcement of L. J. Reznor of Port Allegany as a candidate for Member of Assembly appears in The Miner this week. In speaking of his candidacy the Bradford Era says:

Not in 30 years has a Port Allegany man been chosen as a member of the Legislature from McKean county and people living in that section of the county feel that they have been overlooked in the distribution of political honors. This idea has caused a general movement in that section in behalf of the candidacy of L. J. Reznor, a popular young business man of Port Allegany and Mr. Reznor has concluded to enter the legislative contest. He will be a candidate for the nomination at the primaries in June and judging from his former strong showing when a candidate for county treasurer, he will make an excellent run. Mr. Reznor has been a resident of the county about 10 years, coming from Potter county, where for some time he had been a resident. He is an amiable, energetic, upright man and he possesses qualifications which should commend him to the favorable consideration of voters of the Republican party—to which he has belonged since he cast his first vote. "I am in this contest to win," he said yesterday to The Era, "and in making the run will do so strictly as a plain man of the people who has no 'barrel' behind him, or no ulterior purpose to serve. If I am nominated and elected I shall do my best to serve the county honestly and efficiently. If I am defeated there will be no hard feelings on my part. I will turn in and help to elect the ticket just the same."

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.) Not in a generation has the Senate of the United States witnessed a scene such as occurred on the occasion of the remarkable address of Senator James Gordon of Mississippi, in taking leave of his colleagues. There have been farewell addresses without number. There have been "swan songs" that blistered and speeches that cut like a Damascus blade but to the eldest Senator and the eldest newspaper man there has never been so dramatic a leave-taking. The speech, homely in style, simple in construction, breathed such a warmth of friendship and affection that the "grave and reverend" Senators, cynics many of them, could not find words laudatory enough to tell Senator Gordon what they thought about him.

He preached the gospel of love for one another and as he warmed to his subject he looked for all the world like some patriarch, of an older day, his tall, spare form, clothed in black and his snow-white hair making a picture rarely seen in the halls of legislation.

Senator Depew who is no slouch of a talker himself took occasion to say that the speech of the "Gentleman from Mississippi" will live in the records of the Senate "as probably the most remarkable address either of a new Senator, coming in or of an old one going out. Its delightful and good fellowship, broad-mindedness, charity and humor will remain among the best recollections of those who heard it."

It is expected that the Commerce Committee of the Senate will take three weeks or a month more for the consideration of the Rivers and Harbors bill which recently passed the House. There are several projects which the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House failed to consider on account of lack of information but which has been supplied by the Engineer Corps of the Army to the Senate Committee. Should these projects receive endorsement at the hands of the committee the bill will probably be considerably increased over that carried in the House bill which amounted to $11,000,000. There are those who believe that the Senate will add from three to five millions to the bill.

The Senate Committee on Commerce has endorsed the policy as set forth by the House of making the Rivers and Harbors bill an annual appropriation measure just as other supply bills. This policy has been urged in season and out by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress and the growth of waterway sentiment is very largely due to its persistency in bringing before the people the pressing needs for improving the Nation's great arteries of trade and commerce.

Of the many museums and special exhibits at the Nation's Capital none have gained more in popularity than the museum of the Post Office Department. Only a few years ago this museum consisted of a few curios and odds and ends, assembled in a small room on the first floor of the Department building on Pennsylvania Avenue. Month after month the collection has been enlarged until to-day it is one of the most interesting of all the numerous places for sightseers in Washington. This museum has grown to such an extent that the entire corridor of the third floor of the mammoth building is now necessary to display the many articles typical to the postal service and which are to be found in no other museum in the country. The number of visitors to this museum has increased by the thousands. A conservative estimate, after a several days tally, places the number of visitors annually at from 75,000 to 100,000.

Since the revival of the interest of postage stamp collecting many people have been known to make special trips to Washington just to get a glimpse of the great collection which is on exhibit in this museum. The display here consists of a complete collection of postage stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes issued by the United States Governemnt and all stamp issuing countries of the world. The actual value of this stamp collection is probably more than $200,000, but if they were ever put on sale in the open market the price they would command would be many times that amount, as the premium on the majority of them has increased to an enormous figure since they were issued.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Feb. 26, 1910.

Anderson, Oscar.
McLeod, H. D.
McCarthy, Edwin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

C. O. Caskey has for sale one horse heavy, and set of heavy harness, one wagon and sleighs. For further particulars inquire of C. O. Caskey.

Help Wanted.

Wanted—District Managers and agents for our new monthly Whole Life Policy; also Cash Surrender and Perfection Policies; paying sick and accident benefits and natural death. No classification for occupation, race or sex. Mr. Mees, 1041 Drexel Bldg., Philn., Pa.

Splendid Selling Service

Our service is a service that sells. We get results. We please our clients. When you are sick you employ a doctor, not a plumber. When you want to sell something, the proper caper is to enlist the services of a live, successful selling agency. So if you want to sell a farm, timber land, oil property, gas land, a business of any kind, it will be to your interest to list with us. We charge no listing fee. Our advertising reaches 4,000,000 people a week. We simply receive a small commission when the property is sold. If the property is not sold while listed with us, we are out of pocket the advertising and other expenses. We run all the risk. Write us to-day what you desire to sell and we will send you terms. We start advertising as soon as property is listed. We handle no mining stock, no blue sky propositions, only clean, legitimate properties that are worth the money. If you want to sell, you need our service. Our service has pleased hundreds of clients; it will please you. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Lyceum
Saturday Ev'g, Mch. 5
The Great Historical Romance
"DANIEL BOONE ON THE TRAIL"
A Thrilling Story of Pioneer Days in Old Kentucky
Complete in all its scenic splendor and a company of first-class actors headed by the great romantic actor
Mr. Charles A. Taff
See the Great Street Attractions
A Band of Full-blooded Sioux Indians and Genuine Siberian Wolves
Admission 25, 35 and 50c
Seat sale at Wells' Drug Store

Valentines
NEW AND FETCHING
NEW CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS
Beautiful hand decorated and photo-gravure place and score cards. Come and see them.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

Lane's
MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY
VOLNEY F. DUNBAR
HAS JUST OPENED A NEWS STAND AND A GENERAL INFORMATION BUREAU AT CROSBY, PA.
For further particulars call, write or phone
The Dunbar Agency

This is the day of small profits and large sales

This is the principal of the modern jewelry store. Yes, we are going to sell good jewelry at a small margin. We believe that jewelry can be sold on the same small margin of profit as other goods. We appeal to you for your jewelry business.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers
Successors to W. J. Kerr

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

GREAT U. S. POPULATION CONTEST

CRADADL PIANO FREE. $6000 GIVEN AWAY

IN PRIZE PIANO AND PRIZE CERTIFICATES. SOME ONE GETS PIANO FOR NOTHING.

WHY NOT YOU

This contest is financed by the combined wealth of our associate factories. Write Postal instantly for chart mailed FREE upon application. Contest closes March 9th. Don't Delay.

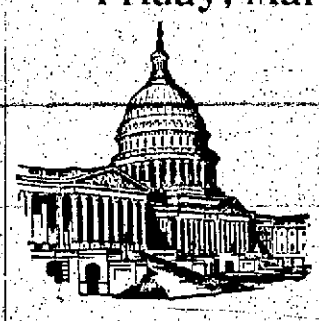
Address: MR. MITCHELL, Contest Manager,

THE CRANDALL PIANO CO.,
37 MECHANIC ST. : : : : BRADFORD, PA.

Disposed of all our old stock to a commission merchant last week. Anything you buy here now is new. No more old stock here.

UP-TO-DATE
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
AT GREAT REDUCTIONS
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SEE WASHINGTON
SPRING VACATION EXCURSION
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Friday, March 25th, 1910
$10.60
From Smethport, Pa.
Stop over at Baltimore & Philadelphia



allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, affording opportunity of visiting ATLANTIC CITY.

Tickets will be going on regular trains within eleven days, including date of excursion.

Easter Sunday at the Nation's Capitol
Similar Excursion April 8th.

Full information regarding leaving time of trains may be obtained of agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer
McCoy's Drug Store

F. W. BROWNELL
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
Brasted's, Pickersgill's and Faxon's Bread, also a full line of Fruits and Fresh Vegetables.
F. W. BROWNELL

The Lindholm Co.

Headquarters for McCall's Patterns

Only two more days remain for you to take advantage of our

WHITE SALE

and final clean up sale of all winter Merchandise, we invite you to visit this store Friday and Saturday, and benefit by the special low prices.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Atlantic City Cape May

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OR OCEAN CITY, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

EASTER 15-DAY EXCURSION

Friday, March, 25, 1910

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent.

EASTER SUNDAY ON THE BOARDWALK

For information regarding exact time of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or D. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Plastico

A Perfect Wall Coating

Combines Cleanliness and Durability

Any one can brush it on
No one can rub it off

Plastico is a pure, permanent and porous wall coating, and does not require taking off to renew as do all kalsomines. It is a dry powder, ready for use by adding cold water and can be easily brushed on by any one. Made in white and fourteen fashionable tints.

ANTI-KALSOMINE CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

For full particulars and sample card ask

Daly & Garlick

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 3, 1910.

Local and General.

—The sleighing is about all gone.

—Yesterday was a beautiful day for March.

—New maple syrup will soon be on the market.

—John B. Eastman is confined to the house with mumps.

—Read the grocery advertisement of F. W. Brownell in this issue.

—New laces and embroideries are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—It is said that home talent is preparing to present two comic operas in the near future.

—Mr. John Bright of Bingham and and Miss Lola Irene Crooks of Simpson were married by the Rev. W. A. Harris this morning, March 3, 1910.

—The Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale in the basement of the parish house on Saturday, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

—The funeral services of Walter Evans were held from the home on Willow street last Saturday morning and were in charge of Rev. W. A. Harris, assisted by the Rev. H. W. Carr of Salamanca, N. Y.

—It would be a pretty good idea for some of those residents who have not made a practice of shoveling the snow during the past winter, to get out now and assist nature in finding the sidewalks again. The slush ice is worse than the snow just now.

—We are in receipt of a postal card from Hon. James A. McKean who is in De Land, Florida, stating that his party is having a good time picking oranges and grape-fruit. Mr. McKean also stated that the thermometer registered 80 in the shade on Feb. 23.

—H. W. Rubin is having new show windows put in his clothing store. These with his new cabinets for clothing makes this one of the neatest and most up to date clothing stores in this section. A. H. Kidder and Ed. Norman are doing the work and it speaks well for their ability as carpenters.

—Mrs. Arthur Miller gave a very pleasant surprise party for her mother, Mrs. John Oviatt, at her home in East Smethport Saturday evening, in honor of her anniversary. About forty five people were present and had a very pleasant time. Mrs. Oviatt was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents.

—Fred W. Brownell has purchased the stock of groceries of W. A. Andorfer at the bankruptcy sale and has opened that old and well known place under the name of The Brownell Store. George Ritchie has charge of the store which is sufficient assurance that the business will be ably handled. We predict a successful future for this store.

—It is not always the men that make the most profess and outside show that succeeds in life. Rather the man who endeavors to fill his niche in life to the best of his ability, is not afraid of hard work, has time to assist one who is more unfortunate than himself, and who never attempts to belittle the character and reputation of his fellow men.

—At the high school to-morrow the preliminary contest will be held for places in the coming contest with the Elared High school. For essay the following will compete: Edna Anderson, Edith Speicht, Helen McGowan, Helen Hamilton, Carrie Natella and Elahora Colepresse. For oration Howard Brownell, William Brownell, Harold Day and Allan Mortison.

—Charles Small has resigned his position with Fry & Comes and on Monday Mr. and Mrs. Small left for Streeter, Ill., where he will accept a position in a large dry goods store. Mr. and Mrs. Small have been residents of this place for a number of years and they have many firm friends who wish them the best of success in their new home and will always welcome them back to Smethport.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday there will be all of the regular services, preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 11:45 and Epworth League at 6:45. The topic for the Epworth League is "The Teachings, Parables, and Miracles of Perea." The references to be studied in connection with the topic are Luke XI:1-13; XI:37; XVII:10. The references in Edersheim are Vol. II. 196, 197, 204-225, 232, 239-283, 298-307.

—W. J. Kerr has purchased the Star moving picture show of Percy Brown and took charge of that business on Monday. This place of amusement has enjoyed a good patronage in the past and under the management of Mr. Kerr we have every reason to believe that it will continue to merit the popular favor of Smethport's amusement seekers. Mr. Brown at this time has not fully decided what business he will enter, but he is contemplating entering a similar business in Buffalo.

—There are few walks in life in which one gets a better chance to observe the different phases of human nature than in the newspaper business. The average editor comes in contact with the good and the bad, the sweet and the sour dispositions and the broad and narrow minded men of a community in a way that few other people have a chance. On Wednesday of last week a well-known resident of this place died suddenly and in our attempt to write up a suitable obituary we sent one of our employees to a brother-in-law of the deceased for the names of some relatives whom we feel certain he well knew. But we did not get the information from him. This monarch of the court house corridor stiffly informed the questioner that we would have to seek this information elsewhere. When his reply reached our ears it occurred to us that this public spirited citizen had been bitterly opposed to paving Main street and had discontinued his paper because we actively supported the paving question, but we never supposed he was so sorely insulted that he would carry it to the grave. Such amiability in a public servant is most charming and deserves special mention. Therefore this notice.

—The Rev. Thos. J. Bingham of St. Marys will preach at St. Luke's church Friday evening.

—You can keep "dry as a chip" in one of the rain coats advertised by Monheimer on this page.

—The Lindholm Company has a few words to say in their advertisement about their big sale which is now going on.

—Miss Laura Hewitt, a teacher in the Smethport schools, has been confined to the house with mumps for the past week.

—The Travellers' Club is arranging for the production of a drama in four acts entitled "Dave," to be given in the Lyceum, Wednesday, March 30th.

—Charles Johnson and Richard McCue were brought here from Kane Tuesday morning by Chief of Police Ives and placed in jail. They were arrested for riding "blind baggage."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Murry Greer is a Bradford visitor this week.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford is attending court this week.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany attended court this week.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was in town this week on business.

Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean is the guest of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. James Chisholm left this week for a visit with her parents in Austin.

J. C. Stull of Portville, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Merril Bisett left Monday to take a business course at Westbrook's College.

C. V. Gillis, David Howells and C. B. Gillis of Kane are visitors at court this week.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, formerly of this place but now of Erie, is in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig and son, John, of Eldred are the guests of relatives in this place.

Misses Myra and Inza Sherburne were the guest of Hazelhurst relatives last week, returning home Saturday.

Mrs. Rose M. Orr left for her home in Warren Friday after a three weeks' visit with her niece, Mrs. W. C. Herson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith of Port Allegany are Smethport visitors this week, Mr. Smith having business at court.

Attorney F. D. Gallup returned from Florida to attend a case in court this week, but expects to return when court adjourns.

W. E. Shaffer, editor of the Ronovo Record had business in town this week and was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, left for their home in Austin yesterday after a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. F. B. Mayo left to-day for Pittsburgh with her daughter, Mildred, who will enter the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind. Mrs. Mayo will go on to Youngstown, Ohio, where she will visit her brother for about two weeks.

Epithalium.

Well, Webb, the fates have made us
Wedded by knots
It is not good for man to be
alone;
So Eden says, 'tis God, the
Almighty, said
To shape for man his better self,
his Eve.
He, Thor, performed the deed, but
should
Always will other powers all over
the world
Now seem above Thought (the
Scandinavian word
For Fate) forged Odin's spear, but
he had it not
But shaping through fate-bet all
things to be.
Two April years has passed with
cloudy feet
And sun and cloud and sky and
weather fine
Have rolled and rolled above the
modest sheaf.
The April years shall now be forged
Since you're committed by love's
fair art.
February 28th, 1910.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

GUARANTEED
(Priestly)

Water Proof
RAIN COATS
5.50 to 6.50

is saved if you buy a Rain Coat now. All our $15 and $16.50 Rain coats sold this and next week at

$9.50

we have your size.

MONHEIMER'S

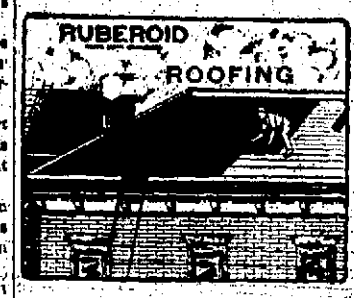
FRY & COMES

New Laces and Embroideries

We direct your attention to a new lot of exquisite Laces and embroideries which this store offers for your inspection this week. The newest American and European Style ideas are here represented in ample variety. Your presence will be appreciated.

FRY & COMES.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Special Interest Department

Accounts may be opened with One Dollar or more.

Interest allowed at the rate of 4% per annum subject to rules, and paid to depositors or added to principal on last days of March, June, September and December.

Deposits made during the first ten business days of January, April, July and October, are allowed interest from the first of the month.

New accounts draw interest from date of first deposit.

The Fidelity Trust Co.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Picture of President Taft
FREE

If you will send two cents in stamps, we will mail you a large reproduction in colors of a painting of President Taft (two-thirds of life size), suitable for framing and attractive for home or office.

We pay 4% Compound Interest on Savings Accounts of any size, and you can bank by mail. Interesting booklet free upon request.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Capital and Surplus, - 10 Million Dollars.

Good Resolution for 1910

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year, but it's not too late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at our store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to even go out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' PHARMACY

Saved by A Parrot

But There Were Links Between the Bird and the Outcome.

By ANDREW C. EWING.

Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.

On either side of New York harbor, commanding the Narrows, is a fort. That on the east shore is called Fort Hamilton, that on the west Fort Wadsworth. These forts are at all times garrisoned by United States troops.

There lived some years ago near Fort Hamilton a widow named Hammond, whose boy, Robert, growing up in close proximity to an army post, imbibed a taste for a military life. When he became eighteen years of age he went into the fort one day and enlisted and then went home and told his mother what he had done.

Robert Hammond was a steady young fellow and, having received a pretty good education, resolved to try for promotion through the noncommissioned to the commissioned grades. He had become a corporal when that happened which sometimes makes and sometimes breaks a man—he got a sweetheart. Nancy Alvord was about Hammond's age and a lovely girl. Nevertheless she was the cause of his getting into trouble.

Famous Coney Island, where there is a multitude of shows, is but a few miles from Fort Hamilton, and one summer day when the young soldier had leave to go where he liked between midday and 9 p. m. he called for Nancy, and together they stepped on an electric car for a visit to the island. Robert had money enough in his pocket to enable them to take in most of the shows, and so great was their enjoyment that the time passed more rapidly than they realized. The days were at the little of their longest, and this, too, had something to do with their mistaking the hour. At any rate, when there was still twilight they heard a clock strike 9.

Robert's heart sank within him. His leave had expired, and he would not be able to reach the fort in less than half an hour. He would be "shotted"—that is, reduced to a private, and his dream of becoming a commissioned officer was at an end. At any rate, he would be obliged to begin all over and by a long period of good behavior get again in line.

"Very well, Nancy," he said, "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. We'll stay here as long as we like."

Nancy endeavored to induce him to go back at once, but he would not. So they ordered a supper and after that continued to enjoy themselves at the various places designed for the double purpose of giving people pleasure and getting their money. When the money was nearly spent they took a car and went home. Passing a saloon kept by one Murphy, Robert wished to go in and get a glass of beer, but Nancy dissuaded him. Robert left her at her house and went to his mother's.

Though it was late, Mrs. Hammond was just about going to bed. Robert told her that he had broken his leave. Mother-like, she persuaded him to go to his own room that he had occupied as a boy and remain there overnight. He did so and in the morning overslept. Then his mother begged him to take breakfast at home. By the time he reached the fort it was long past reveille roll call.

Robert was put in arrest. And what was his astonishment when told that the saloon keeper, Murphy, had been murdered the night before, that some shreds of blue uniform and several army buttons had been found near the body and a soldier answering his description had been seen near the saloon.

The young soldier was troubled only at the prospect of being reduced to the ranks. There could be no doubt of his proving that he had not been in Murphy's saloon and that he had been with his sweetheart and later with his mother. He gave the captain the address of both women and told him to go and ask his mother and Nancy if he had not been with them during the night of the murder.

The officer, in order that there might be no collision between Robert and the others, said nothing about the charge of murder to either woman in order to better conceal his object. He told them that the soldier was in danger of being tried for desertion. Both women knew enough of army offenses to understand that desertion was a serious charge. Neither knew what reason Robert had given his superiors for his absence, and both feared to say anything about him for fear of disproving what he had himself said. The consequence was that both denied having seen him the night before.

This was quite enough to convict him, if not of the murder, certainly of falsely accounting for his absence. He was turned over to the civil authorities to be tried for murder.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the anguish of the mother and sweetheart when they learned of the real charge that had been made against the son of the one and lover of the other and that they had put it out of their power to prove an alibi for him and in this way establish his innocence. They were visited by Robert's attorney and questioned. It was evident to them that he did not believe the reason they gave for telling his captain that they had not seen him during the night of the murder, and it would not have made any difference if he had believed them. They had made a statement and could not contradict it before a jury and expect the contradiction to be considered evidence.

Nancy Alvord, after her terror at her lover's position and her chagrin at having denied that she had been with him had in a measure subsided, began to think of some way to prove the untruth of her first story. This led her to read carefully the newspaper accounts of the murder, and she saw that Murphy's watch, which was found in his vest pocket, had stopped at thirty-seven minutes after 10. She remembered hearing a clock strike 11 while on the car returning from the island. This was fixed in her mind by the fact that she expected a scolding on her return home for having stayed out so late.

The civil authorities considered that Murphy's watch marked the time of his death. The murder occurred in an upper room used for card playing, no one but the murderer and the murdered man being present. That there had been a scuffle was evident from the shred of uniform and buttons picked up on the floor. The watch had undoubtedly stopped during this scuffle. At thirty-seven minutes after 10 on that eventful evening, with a limit of ten minutes either way, Robert and Nancy had been among the shows at Coney Island. They had passed Murphy's saloon at about twenty minutes past 11. Had Nancy not been handicapped by her first statement she could have told a perfectly straight story that would have tallied with the facts and exonerated her lover.

The next move she made was to go to Coney Island and visit the attendants upon the various shows with a view to finding some one who had seen her there with a soldier and if possible to secure that soldier's identification as Robert Hammond. She went over the ground, but found no one who remembered her or her soldier escort.

As the day for the trial drew near the result looked black for the young soldier. His mother was tragically over the situation, which was rendered more excruciating by the fact that in her effort to shield her son she had put it out of her power to save him.

The morning before the trial Nancy was sitting by her open window overlooking the lower bay, trying to think of her problem. A woman came to a window of the house opposite and hung a parrot cage containing a parrot beside the window. The woman left, and the parrot began to chatter.

Nancy jumped from her seat, dashed into an adjoining room, seized her hat, flew downstairs and into the street and hailed a car for Coney Island.

What she did there will appear at the trial, which was called by the criminal court the next day.

A jury had been impaneled and the prosecutor had stated the case for the state and had produced his witnesses. They were but few and stated only what has been thus far given. Then the prisoner's counsel took up the case for the accused, calling him to the witness stand. He asked Robert a number of irrelevant questions not apparently bearing on the case, requiring him to give long explanations. Finally the state attorney objected to the questioning as irrelevant, and the judge sustained the objection. Then the counsel called Nancy to the witness stand and pursued exactly the same course with her till another objection was raised and sustained.

"Where were you," asked the counsel of Nancy, "on the night of the 15th of June between 10 and 11 o'clock?"

"At Coney Island."

"Who was with you?"

"The accused, Robert Hammond."

"That will do."

At a sign from the attorney a phonograph was brought into court and set on a table. An operator put its machinery in motion, and a voice, plainly Nancy's, began to talk. What had been spoken in the machine was of no importance, detached sentences expressive of the pleasure to be derived at visiting Coney Island.

Then another voice was switched on. Every one started. It was the voice of Robert Hammond:

"I'm a soldier, I am. Got leave till 9 o'clock, and here I am at 10:30 talking into a phonograph machine. I'll be broke tomorrow, I will. My chevrons will come off, and I'll serve the balance of my enlistment as a high private in the rear rank. Come, Nancy, let's get along to the next show."

"Your honor," said the counsel for the defense, "I made the jury familiar with the voices of my two witnesses that they might recognize them in this phonograph, which I propose by its operator to prove received the voices at Coney Island about the time the murder was committed."

Robert was acquitted. He had been saved by the squeaky voice of the parrot that had brought to Nancy's mind the phonograph, thus suggesting that they had talked in one on that eventful evening.

Robert Hammond's captain was so chagrined at the jeopardy in which he had placed the young man by the way he had approached his mother and sweetheart for evidence that he interested himself in the soldier's behalf, promoting him rapidly as a noncommissioned officer and coaching him for his examination for lieutenant. Hammond, with his wife, Nancy, are now stationed on the Pacific coast.

The murderer of Murphy turned out to be a militiaman who had been off on an excursion with his company. He had gone to Murphy's saloon, played and lost to Murphy himself and in a burst of passion killed him. Acting suspiciously, he was finally accused of the murder, tried and convicted.

Shooting Jack Rabbits.

"Jack rabbits in Kansas are just as numerous as they were the day the first covered wagon moved across it toward the Rocky mountains," said a Kansas farmer. "It appears to me they are gathering around in greater numbers than ever. Did you ever try to exterminate a jack rabbit? If you never did you've something to learn about shooting.

"A jack rabbit's movement starts with a spring in the air. He lands on all fours, and the intervening space from the time he jumps and the time he lights is just about nothing, but he covers from ten to fifteen feet with every jump. There's only one way to take 'em alive and that is to leave the top off a pasture well overnight. Next morning there'll be plenty, because jack rabbits will jump into any kind of a hole that's open. They seem to have a fondness for dried out wells. They outrun the average dog with ease, but can't beat the greyhound. Shooting them on the run is as difficult as shooting birds on the wing, possibly more difficult. Possibly 25,000 are killed in Kansas every year, and yet they seem just as numerous as ever."—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Dr. Johnson Story.

Dr. Johnson had some ideas on education, especially on that diversion known as "learning a piece by heart."

One day Mrs. Gastrel set a little girl to repeat to him Cato's soliloquy, which she went through very correctly. The doctor, after a pause, asked the child, "What was to bring Cato to an end?" She said it was a knife. "No, my dear, it was not so." "My Aunt Polly said it was a knife." "Why, Aunt Polly's knife may do, but it was a dagger, my dear." He then asked her the meaning of "bane" and "antidote," which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrel said, "You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words." He then said, "My dear, how many pence are there in sixpence?" "I cannot tell, sir," was the half terrified reply. On this addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrel, he said, "Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's soliloquy who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?"

Pepys and the Comet.

They were watching a comet in Pepys' day, though Halley in the time was but eight years old. "Mr. Lord Sandwich this day," says the diarist, Dec. 21, 1681, "writes me word that he hath seen at Portsmouth the comet and says it is the most extraordinarily thing that ever saw." Again on the 24th: "Having sat up all night till past 2 o'clock this morning, our portag being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower hill; so I, that had been all night setting in order of my old papers in my chamber, did now leave off all and my boy and I to the Tower hill, it being a most fine bright, moonshine night and a great frost, but no comet to be seen." Later the same day, however, Pepys "saw the comet, which now, whether worn away or no, I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star."

The Geese Were Duck's.

The following little incident took place at the egg at a Northeastern station in Yorkshire:

Some geese had strayed on the railway and were observed by a traveler, who, fearing that they might be run over, said to one of the porters on the platform:

"Who owns the geese, my man?"

"Them's Duck's," the porter replied.

Again the question was asked, with the same reply. Somewhat annoyed, the traveler called the station master and told him the story, stating that he full well knew the difference between geese and ducks.

The station master laughingly replied: "The man is quite right. Those geese are Duck's. They belong to Mr. John Duck, the farmer."—London Tit-Bits.

Rose to the Occasion.

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee.

"Ah, Bessie," he observed pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?"

"Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my bobbing company—that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

The Best She Could Do.

"We've got to cut down our expenses," said Woodby. "We are living in a style that makes everybody think my income must be twice as big as it is."

"Well," his wife replied, "what more do you want, seeing that there is no chance for you to double your income?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Fidgety Bachelor.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?"

"Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Curious Pair.

Mrs. Rubbub—I wonder why that woman keeps watching me so? Mr. Rubbub—Perhaps she's trying to find out why you are staring at her.—Philadelphia Press.

Pretty Slow.

Howell—Rowell is pretty slow?

Powell—Slow? He'll make a snail look as if it had been exceeding the speed limit.—New York Press.

Schoolboy Logic.

"Should women have votes for parliament?" Give your reasons for and against." This was a question asked of schoolboys in a recent examination in England. One boy replied: "No, because if they did they would want to get into parliament and then they would pass a lot of silly laws, such as that a man was not to smoke before his wife or that wives were to have Wednesdays and Thursdays off and then the men would have to stay at home and mind the children."

A logical answer to the question, "Why does a kettle sing?" was furnished by a boy who wrote, "Because if it did not you could not tell when the kettle was boiling." Asked to explain the initials "C. O. D." one boy replied that they stood for "collector of debts," and a second said "cod-liver oil drink."

Another enterprising youth described a sleeping partner as "a man who goes to sleep when playing bridge." Asked how he would mend a puncture in a bicycle tire, a boy's answer was to the point, "I would get a box of stuff that you do it with and stick it on."

Importance of a Word.

If you should write a letter to the man who is chief magistrate of this republic you are at liberty to address him as "The President, Washington, D. C." That will be sufficient. He is not "his excellency," as is the supreme executive magistrate of Massachusetts, nor "his high mightiness," a title which, they say, sounded pleasing to the ear of the Father of His Country. But if you should write a letter to the secretary of state of the United States, whom the plain "president" appointed to the job, prepare to dip your pen in honorable ink. While the chief magistrate is plain "president," without any titular opaulets, his secretary of state is "the honorable secretary of state." It will not do to address him as "the secretary of state" simply. He is something more than that. The etiquette of the state department requires that the word "honorable" be prefixed to the word "secretary."—Boston Globe.

Fire Prevention Among Pines.

Pines protect themselves against forest fires in a remarkable manner. For four or five years the stems of the infant trees attain a height of only as many inches above the soil. During this time their bark is extraordinarily thick and that alone gives some protection. But, in addition, the long needles spring up above the stem and then bend on all sides in a green cascade which falls to the ground in a circle about the seedling. This green harness can with difficulty be made to burn, while the shade that it casts prevents inflammable grass from growing near the protected stem. The officers of the forestry service at Washington are of opinion that it is owing to this peculiar system of self protection which the pine seedlings have developed that the growth of evergreen oaks in Florida has been restricted in regions where fires have raged, while pine forests have taken their place.—Harper's Weekly.

When Wives Were Sold.

When the war between Britain and France ended in 1815 many of the English soldiers found that their wives had married, again in the belief that they were widows. The formal selling of the wife was regarded among the ignorant as a legal solution to the problem thus presented, and it is said that the authorities of the day deemed it best to shut their eyes at the proceeding. A certain amount of formality had to be observed, however, before the sale was considered legal open to the most ignorant. A Yorkshire writer mentions two conditions which must be carried out to make a satisfactory sale—the price of the wife must not be less than 1 shilling (24 cents), and she must be delivered to her purchaser with a new halter around her neck. The same writer records the case of the woman who zealously preserved the receipts for herself as a proof of respectability.

Humor and Morality.

We have extirpated gross humor from our modern literature, but we must not suppose that we are therefore more moral than the Elizabethans, whose literature was full of gross humor. It may be that we are only more afraid of ourselves and each other. This kind of fear is destructive not only of gross humor, but of humor of all kinds. In its essence humor is brave as it is honest, but with cowardice and dishonesty there come base substitutes for it, substitutes that make fun of noble things with a humorous air, and so bring humor itself into discredit.—London Times.

A Great Mystery Solved.

How many hairpins does a woman use when doing her hair? The hairpin editor has investigated and makes this report: "She uses just as many as she has. If she has only two hairpins she makes her hair stay up with two, but if she finds twenty in the top bureau drawer she uses all of them."—Atchison Globe.

A Sensitive Patient.

Dr. Endee—Feel go to sleep? That shows your circulation is bad. Editor—That's all you quacks know. I suppose if my corns ached that would show that advertising patronage was falling off.

The Best of It.

Mrs. Gadsby—She says frankly that she can't play bridge, but that isn't the best of it. Mrs. Bungwats—What is? Mrs. Gadsby—She doesn't try.—Somerville Journal.

An even disposition is the best pilot on the sea of life.

When John Brown Wanted a Pet.

Pet-making is a favorite cast-off Balmoral castle and was always held as the special preserve of John Brown, who was the personal attendant of the late Queen Victoria. John was an ingenious and inveterate fisher, and often the royal larder was indebted to his prowess for its supplies of spring salmon when the rods of the other fishermen failed to bring them to the bank. It is authentically reported among anglers on Deeside that when the queen wanted John he was immediately at her call except when angling, and at such times she would not disturb him. The tacit understanding between them is said to have arisen in the following fashion: Her majesty one day sent an imperative message to the riverside desiring John to immediately wait upon her.

"Tell her majesty," replied John in his usual Doric, "that I am playin' a salmon and I canna come."

The messenger came back to him in hot haste, saying that the queen desired to see him the very minute.

"Well, tell her majesty this time that I am playin' a salmon and I winna come." And that settled it.

Albatross and Magpie.

Birds play a great part in good and bad auguries at sea. The albatross is regarded as a harbinger of good fortune and has been immortalized as such by Coleridge in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," whereas the magpie is a bad omen.

A friend of Sir Walter Scott, traveling by coach to London, entered into a conversation with a respectable looking seaman, who remarked: "I wish we may have luck in our journey. There's a magpie."

"And why should that be unlucky?"

"I can't tell you that, but all the world agrees one magpie bodes ill luck, two are not so bad, but three are the devil one himself. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I nearly lost my vessel, and afterward I fell from my horse and was hurt."

Many seamen still believe in water spirits or sprites. In Bohemia the fishermen are afraid to assist a drowning man for fear of giving offense to the water sprite.

Berthollet and Robespierre.

It is said that the celebrated savant Berthollet in the most dangerous times of the reign of terror sustained his fearless love of truth. Some days prior to the fatal Thermidor a study-fellow, who had been of a bloody disposition, was promoted to the presidency, and immediately upon his elevation he proposed to Berthollet that they should go and see Robespierre guillotined. "I never drank so much before," said Berthollet, "as I did that day, for I felt drunk with joy."

"You have plenty of courage!" exclaimed the philosopher.

"I had more when I signed my recantation," replied the chemist, and here the matter terminated.

Fiddling and Skating.

The celebrated violinist Joachim during a winter residence in northern Germany was in the habit of watching the skaters on a fine piece of water beneath his windows until one day it occurred to him to try the exercise himself. As he had never yet donned a pair of skates he put himself into the hands of a man who prophied skate and instruction in the art on the brink of the water and was soon enjoying it and started on the ice, the master leading his pupil.

Finding no difficulty in keeping his balance under these circumstances, Joachim felt sure he could go alone, desired his leader to leave him and the next minute was sprawling on the ice beside his back.

"Ah," said the teacher triumphantly as he raised his prostrate pupil, "you see it is not quite so easy as playing a fiddle!"

The Bridal Wreath.

The bridal wreath is usually formed of myrtle branches in Germany. It is made of orange blossoms in France as well as in the United States. In Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland it is of white roses. In Spain the flowers of which it is composed are red roses and pinks. In the islands of Greece vine leaves serve the purpose, and in Bohemia rosemary is employed. In German Switzerland a crown of artificial flowers takes the place of the wreath.

Not the Usual Kind.

"What a fool expression regarding nuts he for women!"

"Why, so? I always understood it was fine."

"Here Maude Blinks is taking lessons and she told me yesterday she was learning how to float."—Baltimore American.

Where Authority Ends.

"Rogers is a born leader of men. Thousands of them would follow him into the jaws of death."

"Yes, but he can't make his two-year-old boy sit still in a chair."—Harper's Bazar.

A Long Minute.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said to her husband.

"You needn't hurry now," he called up some time later, "I find that I shall have to shave again."—Detroit Free Press.

No, Indeed.

"You Hampericans say we 'are no manor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll 'ave you, understand, sir, that Henglish jokes are not to be laughed at!"

County Officers.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sisela.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Harry Houck.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Wellsboro.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Harrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—R. F. Bleasby, Smethport.
Treasurer—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. D. Kasmire, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioner—A. M. Marsh, Bradford.
Twp. J. A. Freeman, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners Clerk—A. S. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anderson, Cleveland; A. B. Coff, Corydon.
Coroner—E. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—A. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Hiver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, Hall, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—J. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. E. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 399, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MANNER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 355, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 275, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. A. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
GERTRUDE E. HALLIDAY, Secretary.

Friends Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLIL, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adopts a degree every 1st Monday; conferrs a degree 2nd Monday. Third Monday.
W. G. HOLDER, C. C.
L. E. HOLBARTH, C. of R.

CITY BURIES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Preaching at 7 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—I. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery; Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; tells your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

THE YOUNG INTERCESSOR.

A Lass Who Faced Washington to Save Her British Lover.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Thomas Lynde was a patriot in the days of 1776, but fate denied him the pleasure of fighting for his country.

He had been crippled by an accident, so that one of his legs was shorter than the other and had to be made even with a sort of stilt, upon which he trudged about vigorously enough for the purposes of business, but not for those of war.

He was a merchant in New York, and he stayed there, never concealing his sentiments, constantly persecuted, yet managing to live through it all and even to retain his liberty up to the

THOMAS LYNDE STUMPED OUT INTO THE HALL.

winter of 1776, and it was not many months before the final deliverance of the British drove him from the city.

So he must have possessed a measure of shrewdness, of dry obstinacy and a spirit not to be daunted by affliction.

He had a daughter, Marjory, who had inherited her father's indomitable courage, perhaps some of his probability as well, for when there came at last a difference of opinion between them she did not yield even to his iron will.

The cause of this difference was a handsome young officer of the guards, a follower of the king, and therefore in the eyes of Lynde a natural enemy. But he was not a natural enemy in the eyes of Marjory. He was an officer and a gentleman, and his duty, as his conscience approved and his circumstances permitted—

Marjory was a patriot, but she was a woman, and it seemed reasonable enough to her that Captain Asgill should be a good man, while every other British soldier was an abhorred invader and the author of a private

She was not swayed by personal preference for Captain Asgill, she assured her father, but simply by her sense of justice.

It was inconceivable to Lynde that his daughter could love a redcoat. She had seen her mother fade and perish from the mere stress of their intolerable situation, as much a victim of the horrors of war as any soldier slain in battle. Her two brothers had served in the patriot armies, and one had died of sickness and the other of a wound.

But Marjory knew or felt that Captain Asgill was not responsible for these ills, or at least she could not feel that he was, and she did not relinquish his acquaintance despite her father's wish.

Captain Asgill did not visit her, because he knew Lynde's sentiments, which he hoped to overcome, but there were two or three homes in the narrow circle of Marjory's social life where Asgill by the exercise of a lover's ingenuity could see her now and then in the company of others.

Upon a certain evening in April he came hurriedly to her house. Marjory saw him entering by the gate, and she knew by his manner and indeed by his mere presence there that no ordinary errand had brought him.

She met him in the hall, the broad door being open and the full moon shining in upon her, and a pretty girl in the moonlight was the same a hundred years ago or a thousand.

A sudden impulse of tenderness swayed Asgill uncontrollably. He extended both hands and drew Marjory toward him, and at that moment Thomas Lynde stumped out into the hall.

The scene was very brief, and Marjury was banished at the beginning.

The next minute, as it seemed to her, Asgill was gone, and she did not know why he had come or what he had meant to say or do.

"I gave him his walking papers," said Thomas Lynde and added grimly: "Now it remains to be seen what he will do to me. That young rascal has influence, my girl. He would like me out of the way perhaps."

One week later Lynde was arrested and imprisoned by order of the board of royalists, and Marjory was left in terrifying loneliness, ability, impotent, so far as any attempt to rescue her father was concerned, and very scantily informed as to his situation.

Any prisoner was in peril. So much she knew. And this knowledge was presently made doubly sure by the atrocious murder of Captain Joshua Huddy, an American officer who was taken from the military prison in New York by a party of soldiers under the infamous Lippincott and hanged as an act of vengeance for the death of one White, a plundering guerrilla.

Lippincott placarded the body with the line, "Up Goes Huddy For Philip White," words which were soon on every lip and were excellently calculated to haunt the minds of those whose loved ones lay in danger.

Marjory knew of only one man who could advise or help her in this emergency, and that was Captain Asgill, but what had become of him? No word had come to Marjory from him. Those whom she could ask, with any hope of news, had heard that he had left the city, whither and upon what errand they could not say.

The girl's position was utterly wretched. That hand clasp in the moonlight had awakened her heart, but to what end? Would he have declared his love for her? Would he have pledged his faith? Tender thoughts of him would surge up within her, and then—his disappearance, his silence, what could they mean? Her father's prophecy rang in her ears.

It had been speedily fulfilled, and the mere suggestion which her soul repelled that Asgill had had any hand in that calamity was madness in the silence of sleepless nights.

Upon a day in May there came to her a British soldier in tattered garments bearing a letter from Captain Asgill.

Supposing his situation to be already known to her, he had made no effort to prepare her mind. The poor girl read the words of tenderness with which the letter began, and her heart sank. Then in an instant the fatal news flashed through her like a bullet.

Captain Asgill was under sentence of death. The words of love he said to her were his last and

"I crowd all my facts into these opening lines," he wrote, "because I know not how long a time I have before the secret messenger who will bear this comes to me. When he comes he cannot wait. It will be a tap at the window, and I am dressed.

"I have to beg you from the first but did not dare to speak so soon. My heart has always owned me. Weigh your every interest. I know not and never can know a double world.

"I ask of you no pledge of me as a man of honor, who would defy fate in your feet my name, my hopes, all that was mine to give. My whole life was yours then, when I counted it in years, as now, when only days remain.

"You will have heard of the unlucky chance which has befallen me. You may even have better information than mine, but I am told that General Washington demanded Captain Lippincott to be tried as a murderer for the death of Captain Huddy; that Sir Henry Clinton refused the demand; that General Washington thereupon summoned a council of officers by which it was decided that a British prisoner of suitable rank should be chosen by lot to expiate the crime of Lippincott, if crime it was.

"The lot fell to me, and I rest, therefore, under sentence of death, the time and place unknown to me as yet.

"My name may be much blown about the country for a little while, and it is better for your father's sake that yours should not be joined with it.

"I have therefore refrained from communicating with you through open means allowed to me, not knowing under whose eyes my words might fall, but heaven's kindness has sent me this secret means, which I seize upon with gratitude."

The concluding portion of the letter dealt with certain perils which he foresaw for herself and her father and pointed out the proper course for the to pursue.

"I have small influence with Sir Henry Clinton," he continued, "but much with Sir Guy Carleton, who will succeed him. In fact, I have acted for some time under private instructions from Sir Guy, an old time friend of my father, Sir Charles Asgill.

"At need, show him these lines. I would send some words to him upon my own account if the time sufficed, but it does not."

The letter closed with many words of love, and Marjory clasped it to her breast and sat for a long time motionless.

Then she arose and went about an odd task, putting a small supply of food into a little satchel, and, with that in her hand, she left the house.

Upon the second day thereafter she had come to that quaint old house with the broad roof and the low eaves at Verplanck's point, upon the Hudson, the headquarters of Washington.

Now, at that time the affair of Captain Asgill was much upon the mind of Washington, and when he was informed that a young woman sought him upon some plea connected with that matter he gave orders that she be brought before him.

He was provided with extremely full and accurate information about Asgill, and no such name as Marjory Lynde appeared upon the record.

If she came to plead for Asgill it was likely that she was a spy of Clinton's and her plea a fraud.

When Marjory was brought into Washington's presence he was impressed by her youthful beauty, but more by a certain rapt and trancelike composition of her face, as though she were suffused with some strong controlling spiritual influence.

When bidden to speak she asked for the life of Captain Asgill simply, directly and with no waste of words.

"And what is he to you?" asked Washington.

"He is to be my husband," she replied.

This ran counter to Washington's information and was precisely the story which would have been put upon the lips of a spy.

The general looked keenly at this blue eyed, slender girl who faced him so calmly.

"The fate of Captain Asgill rests not with me, but with the congress," he said. "Nevertheless my wish might have its weight. What has led you to believe that I would intercede for him?"

"My mother is dead," said Marjory. "My two brothers are dead. My father, stubborn to the last, has suffered hardships and persecutions and the loss of everything, and he is now in prison by the order of the loyalists. He cannot survive it. His strength will not suffice. I shall never see him again. And when I learned that the only other person on earth who loves me and whom I love had been condemned to die by mere chance and for no wrong that he had done the feeling came upon me that this passed beyond the boundaries of God's justice, beyond what he would permit. I feel it surely in my heart." And she laid her clinched hand upon her breast. "It needed only for me to do my part, which I have done. I have come to you."

This appeal, uttered with that peculiar power which comes from complete spiritual conviction, affected Washington powerfully, but he was still in doubt.

"In Captain Asgill's circumstances," said he, "it would be natural to ask leave to communicate with his betrothed. Permission would have been granted, but it has not been asked."

She drew Asgill's letter from her bosom.

"A soldier brought me this," said she. "I beg you to read it."

"A soldier?" he asked, surprised.

"A British soldier. He had been a prisoner."

"My child," said Washington, "you have done me a considerable service."

"I beg you to read the letter," said she again, and Washington read.

"This would touch any human heart," he said. "There is love in it that even you perceive."

He reflected for a moment and then resumed:

"I am about to tell you a secret. The opportunity to send this was not by accident. It was obtained by me. I desired that Captain Asgill should communicate with Carleton; it suited my plans. And, upon the other hand, the letter and those which Captain Asgill could have made were the surest possible pledge for safety for his own life. And this he well knew. Some words upon my own behalf, he writes. My child, they were life to him. But he believed that he had left the one chance to write and only a few minutes for the work, and he preferred to save his father with you and to serve your interests and those of your father.

"Lift up your head and pledge me secrecy in the sight of heaven. This, word of honor and sentiment shall not alter in the place of such a wretch as Lippincott. You have well said that God's justice will not permit it. I

"I BEG YOU TO READ THE LETTER."

give you my promise that if I myself am spared for a sufficient time Captain Asgill shall not die."

The rest is history.

Captain Asgill remained under sentence of death, but the popular outcry was unavailing to drive him to the scaffold.

In June, still under sentence, he was admitted to parole and was for some time in Philadelphia, where Marjory was with her father, whose release she had secured—partly, no doubt, through influence exerted in his favor by Washington.

In Philadelphia the lovers met and plighted their vows and won a somewhat grudging consent from Thomas Lynde.

All through the summer Asgill remained in his strange position, practically a free man, yet under the shadow of the gallows. But a powerful hand protected him and guided his affairs, and in the autumn he was freed finally from all restraints, and he and Marjory were married very happily.

LIGHT AND THE EYES

We Do Not Always See Things as They Really Are.

COLORS WE CANNOT DISCERN

Normal Vision Is Not Able to Penetrate to the Regions Beyond the Violet—Some Results That Have Been Attained With the Camera.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to possess normal eyes are apt to feel instinctively that we see things as they are. This is a mistake. The appearance of the world at large is merely the result of the circumstance that the human eye perceives only a comparatively small part of the total radiation which comes from the sun or is given out by a lamp.

To make this a little clearer we may consider one of the oldest experiments in optics, the passage of a ray of light through a prism.

When a beam of sunlight passes through a prism of glass such as is often found on old fashioned chandeliers the rays are spread out, forming a spectrum, which we see as a rainbow colored band upon the wall. The colors of the spectrum merge into one another by insensible gradations, though the older physicists were in the habit of recognizing seven—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

These colors which the eye perceives are by no means the only ones present in the spectrum. If we perform the experiment in a dark room and place a photographic plate in such a position as to receive the image of the spectrum we find that it extends to a considerable distance beyond the violet.

In other words, there is a region beyond the violet which the eye cannot see, but which the sensitive plate is able to photograph. This region is termed the ultra violet, and the light from virtually all sources contains a greater or less amount of this ultra violet light.

The only difference between this ultra violet light and ordinary visible light is in the length of the wave which is in fact the only difference between the different kinds of the visible spectrum. Instead of using a short wave length, as in violet rays, we employ

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

KANGAROO MEAT.

Why the Native Youngsters of New Guinea Refuse It.

In certain parts of New Guinea the wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in an English magazine tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

LACEMAKING.

An Old Legend Which Tells of the Origin of the Art.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite purified which grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancee; but, war breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated the last gift to her. While she sorted to following the intricate tracery of the weed grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the purification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

Too Realistic.

During a performance of "Captain Lapallisse" at a Valnoch theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to evacuate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, been seen in the stalls than a young person of colored skin of his real weight. Miralles seized the man by the collar and called out in a deep tragic voice:

"Infernal thief! Thieves!"

The audience, taking this little episode for a part of the performance, rewarded the actor with stirring hand or foot.

"Infernal thief!" cried the actor in a louder voice. "The fellow has got away!"

The voice sounded so natural that the house broke into loud applause at such excellent feeling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeke?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout the fuss down to the courthouse?"

"Nope," answered the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been sayin' Abner Hawley for alienatin' the affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told the jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at the judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in the cooler."

"But didn't the judge go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all. You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Singer and Orator.

"If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench. But, unfortunately, the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beauti—It's young Mr. Boudelipper. Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beauti—Yes; his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

Anticipation.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefly is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Scamp's Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my slaughter house, as which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a slaughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my slaughter house than other buchery and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can soon make me your order without your servant's commission, as you know your servant is always making money by your meat. I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P. S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order by letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly."—Boston Transcript.

THE DELUGE.

Queer Old Australian Tradition About the Flood.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could put itself, and it was not long before the frog, when the frog saw the wriggling, he burst so hard that the whole earth trembled, and the water poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This bird had made a big canoe and went with it among all the lands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and animals.

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civilized and delighted in being called the mistress of the land and sea, her people worshiped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of real adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile, bull animals were shod with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.

Lead Pencil Experiments.

An English statistician was asked how many words could be written with an English lead pencil and, being determined to answer it, he bought a lead pencil and wrote "Hamlet" and proceeded to copy the latter word by word. He wrote 35,895 words and then was obliged to stop, for the pencil had become so short that he could not use it. A German statistician who heard of this experiment was dissatisfied with it because all the lead in the pencil was not used on the work, and therefore he bought a pencil and started to copy a long German novel. When the pencil was so short that he could not handle it with his fingers he attached a holder to it, and it is said that he wrote with this one pencil 60,000 words. Possibly, however, his pencil was longer or the lead in it was of a more durable quality.

When Silence Is Deadly.

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love. There is nothing violent about it. No shock is given. Hope is not abruptly strangled, but merely dreams of evil and fights with gradually stifling shadows. When the last convulsions come they are not terrific. The frame has been weakened for dissolution. Love dies like natural decay. It seems the kindest way of doing a cruel thing.—George Meredith.

Rubbing It In.

The Bride—That nasty Mrs. Jones, next door, said I'd better try these biscuits on the dog before I gave 'em to you. The Groom—Hasn't she got a mean disposition! Why, I thought she was fond of dogs!—Cleveland Leader.

Often the Case.

Sillicus—What do you suppose caused him to go to the bad? Cynicus—Trying to be a good fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramaswami's "Indian Fables."

His Perfect English.

"Did you ever notice anything peculiar in Professor W.'s speech?" inquired a friend of the professor's.

"Why, no; I don't think I did."

"Well, he would never be guilty of saying what you said just now."

"He wouldn't? What did I say?"

"You said 'I don't think I did.'"

"Is there anything out of the way about that?"

"Yes. You didn't say what you meant at all. You didn't mean that you didn't think, but that you thought you didn't. Professor W. is so careful that he says exactly what he means and nothing else. You do not mean that you do not think when you say that, but that you do think that such and such is not. Nearly everybody does that, so it sounds queer when people speak as the professor does and say 'I think I don't' instead of 'I don't think I do,' as the average individual would say. Another of the professor's idiosyncrasies is to say 'I'll not' where you or I would say 'I won't.' All those little ways sound queer, but they're absolutely correct and irreproachable. The professor uses more perfect English than any one else I know."—New York Press.

Bribery in English Elections.

Bribery is a term which every candidate for a seat in the imperial assembly dreads, for the law visits offenders against it with very heavy punishment, and more than one politician has realized that the game is not worth the candle.

The would be M. P. must be very careful not to give, lend or promise money or money's worth to induce an elector to vote for him or abstain from voting for an opponent. Neither must he pay the day's wages of any voter or give him money for railway fares or loss of time. If he does and is elected the candidate loses his seat, and both he and the recipient of his ill advised gift are liable to twelve months' imprisonment or a fine not exceeding £200. Even treating the wives or relatives of electors may constitute an offense, and the quantity is immaterial if the intention be corrupt.

The withdrawal of a voter from a polling booth, or his procuring, or endeavoring to procure, the absence of a voter with a view to affecting the election, or his inducing any voter to vote by means of the ballot paper of the case of [illegible]

[illegible] awkward [illegible] but [illegible] well [illegible] lay a rein every time at the pieces distance and with the dreaded lash in his hand, cracking like pistol shots, can keep a mob of wild cattle in check. If used with full force it will cut through skin and flesh like a knife, says the Wide World Magazine, but unless a beast shows distinct vice the stockman uses it more for the purpose of instilling fear than of causing pain. It can also be used as a bolas, a Patagonian form of the lasso, and an adept can catch and hold a beast by causing the lash to curl around its legs.

Luck of Peacock Feathers.

The peacock's feathers superstition is nothing like so common as it used to be. Perhaps Whistler's celebrated peacock room helped to break it down. At any rate, peacock's feathers are ordinary enough articles of decoration in many happy and placid homes. There are shops in London that keep large stocks of them, and you may buy these harbingers of misfortune at a shilling a bundle. Did the superstition originate because of the reported pride of the peacock or the "pride shall have a fall" theory, or is it that the "eye" of the feather is supposed to see undesirable happenings which somehow get published upon the housetops? One rather feels that the beautiful bill was Nature's compensation to the bird for giving it the most abominable of all voices.—London Chronicle.

An Insinuating Missive.

He was a German student, and this was the letter he addressed to his uncle:

Dear Uncle—A very strange thing happened yesterday. I went to see a friend of mine at the bank who knows your handwriting very well, and he thought you were ill, as I had not lately presented any checks signed by you. He begs to be remembered to you, as also do I, and you must let only friend see your signature again. If you are very busy, you might send a blank check, and I will fill it in. Yours affectionately, KARL.

Unusual.

"Don't you like the book?"

"No. I think the heroine is a most impossible creature."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. She doesn't appear to have a single gown of some simple material that enhanced rather than hid her graceful figure!"—Exchange.

The Worried Manager.

"What's the trouble?" asked the impresario's friend.

"I can't keep my people down to their own lines of work. The prima donnas will kick and the ballet won't."—Washington Star.

The Installments.

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan? Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who cannot blush and who has no feeling of fear has reached the acme of impudence.—Menander.

Motto from Franklin.

"Try to get strength of heart to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."

Penalizing the Motorist.

The proposal to increase the taxation of motor cars is due alike to a desire to penalize motorists in general for the offenses committed by a minority of them, and to a wish to augment the national resources. The first desire is not fair in itself, and the second will not realize its purpose commensurately with the annoyance it will cause.—Law Times.

Speed of Electricity.

Electricity, where unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 288,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is, of course, vastly slower; a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,

Bradford, Penna.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE
DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

THE RURAL LETTER CARRIER

will accept your registered letter containing money or checks, and give you the receipt of the Government therefor, thus insuring safe delivery. Mail your deposits to this strong and popular bank, which will forward bank cook exemplifying the custom by return mail, and pay you FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM on your money. Officers of this bank are [illegible] experienced business men and experienced bankers in the [illegible] conservatively safe in their methods. It is [illegible] MILLION DOLLARS, and a much larger [illegible] the laws of the State require.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS
Call or Write for Booklet C M.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holdor I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

You Don't Know
How Easy It Is To Cook

Perhaps your folks are among the few in this town who have never had a taste of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

Perhaps you are one of the women who have a mistaken prejudice.

Perhaps you think that because this is a fish food, it is too much trouble to cook. Perhaps you think that it scents up the kitchen.

Please let us point out your mistake. For this is one of the world's choicest foods. And we don't want your family to miss it.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

Nothing Else Half As Good

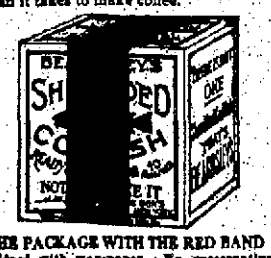
Nothing else half as good for breakfast or lunch is so easy to prepare as this.

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

No bones to pick out—no washing—no soaking—no boiling. Our patented Shredding Process saves you all that.

And it makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty. This shredded meat cooks almost the minute heat reaches it.

Any way that you serve it, you can have it ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Mixed with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, says the purest and finest meat-dish. Also packed in tin and glass.

Not Like Other Fish

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish isn't at all like the old-fashioned dried codfish.

There's none of that strong taste. And none of the odor in cooking.

For we use only the choicest fish—the plumpest and fattest—the finest that come out of the deep.

We get them from Northern waters. Where they attain a superlative flavor.

And we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

Have It Tomorrow

Now that you know you were wrong in thinking Beardsley's Shredded Codfish a bother to cook, why not try it tomorrow—"fish-day"? Just to see what a delicious breakfast or lunch you will have.

A package will cost you only 10 cents. And it makes a full meal for five.

There is other codfish in packages. But no other Shredded Codfish. No other kind you will like half as well as ours. So please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band.

Get This Free Recipe Book

Ask your grocer for our book of tempting new recipes. Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

I. D. Giddings.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. J. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Building, SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. [illegible]
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in [illegible] Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connects with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. L. Bennington.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
[illegible] Smethport, Pa.

DR. [illegible]
DENTIST
[illegible]
OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

J. V. McALLEN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Has hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar are daily supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

NEW FEED MILL

Having opened a new feed mill on EAST STREET we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs

Flour,
Feed,
Grain,
Alfalfa,
Hay and
Straw

at lowest prices

A. E. Hacket & Son

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

in good reliable companies

FOR YOUNG OR OLD THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings Little Liver Pills